The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Written by John A. Rittinger



Part One

1890-1896

Compiled by Kevin A. Martin

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Introduction:

The *Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.* were published in *Die Ontario Glocke* of Walkerton and the *Berliner Journal* of Berlin (now Kitchener) in the Canadian province of Ontario from 1890 to 1915. The writer of the column and the editor of both papers, John Adam Rittinger, was recognized as one of Canada's great humorists of the late 1800s and early 1900s. Selections of his letters were reprinted in the *Kitchener Daily Record* in the 1920s and in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* in the 1960s.

History of John Adam Rittinger:

Friedrich Rittinger, father of John Adam Rittinger, immigrated to Berlin, Ontario, from Michelbach, Baden, in Germany in 1847. In 1859, Friedrich, along with his colleague, John Motz, founded a publishing house, "Rittinger & Motz." The company would publish the weekly *Berliner Journal*. The *Journal* was published for four decades.

Born in Berlin, Ontario, in 1855, Freidrich's son, John, was a High German speaker who would attain Pennsylvania German fluency later in life. John Rittinger went

on to work for newspapers in both the US and Canada before returning to Ontario in 1875. In 1877, John would marry Mary Jane Rodgerson, and together they had one son, Friedrick. Friedrick was groomed to be John's eventual successor but died young in 1895.

History of the Newspapers:

<u>Die Ontario Glocke (1875-1904):</u>

John Rittinger and his business partner Aaron Eby, a Canadian Pennsylvania German, purchased the *Walkerton Glocke*, a German language newspaper from Walkerton, Ontario, in December 1875. Their partnership lasted until 1878, when Eby left to work on his own paper. 4 years later, in 1882, Rittinger renamed the paper *Die Ontario Gocke.* Rittinger went on to build the newspaper's subscriber count from several hundred to more than a thousand by 1883.

<u>Berliner Journal (1859-1918):</u>

In 1859, Friedrich Rittinger and John Motz founded the *Berliner Journal*. They continued to operate the newspaper through most of its existence, but near the turn of the century, their sons, John Rittinger and William Motz, took over operation of the paper. At the peak of its circulation, readership was approximately 5,000 and extended down into the United States. *Die Ontario Glocke* and the *Berliner Journal* amalgamated in 1904.

History of Klotzkopp Column

Rittinger's Joe Klotzkopp character was a farmer living with his wife in Neustadt, Ontario. The first Klotzkopp letter was published on the 22nd of January in 1890. Occasional letters were published in the paper until November, but after their disappearance, their return was demanded by subscribers. The letters would continue for more than two decades. The column ended in 1915 with Rittinger's death.

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Special Note: The first letter published by John Adam Rittinger


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is first of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Januar 22, 1890

Allerlei aus unserer Nochborschaft.

Mister Drucker!

Du muscht mich excuse, dasz ich Dich ah en mol mit einer Correspondenz baddere duh; es regert awer draus, dasz ma ken Hund naus jage mag un da ich es nit mach wie manche vun meiner Bekannte, die sich am helle Tag bei so Wetter uf die Schofhaut hinne de Ofe lege un scharcher, dasz die Balke fascht die Schwernoth kriege, so bin ich zu der Conclusion kumme, Dir emol en dehl Neigkeite zu melde. Mei Schreibart isch net was der Hochdeitsch "ein classisches Deutsch" nennt, sell isch ah net nothwendig; ich schreib wie mir der Schnabel gewachse isch un wer's net verschteht, brauchts net zu lese.

Well, um Dich in en gute Humor zu bringe, schick ich Dir en neier Subscriber un will Dich ah informe wie ich den gekätscht hab. Letscht Dunnerschtag Owet war mei Nochbor, der Chärlie, bei mir un hot gesaht, dasz eens vun seine Buwe die Grippe het un hot mich um Roth gefrogt. Ich war gerad dran Dei Zeiding zu lese und hab ich gerothe er soll emol selle Zwiewelkur browiere. Er hot mich ausgelacht, is awer doch bald druff heemgeschniekt. Am annere Morge hab ich ihn in Neustadt angetroffe un hot er gesaht, dasz sei Jacoble widder all-right sei. Die Zwiewel henn's geduh, Mister Drucker, die Zwiewel. Ich hab ihm dann explaint, dasz er vielleicht desz Lewe vun seim Kind der "Glocke" zu verdanke het; er hot angebisse un so schick ich ihn Dir nau. Er will awer ah en Breisbuch, wann Du noch eens üwer de "Schinnerhannes" hascht so schick ihm sell. Ja ich hab immer noch groszer Glawe an die Zwiewel gehat un hab meiner Fraa, der Sälly, schun oft browiere zu explaine, was fer heilkräftige Kreiter die Deitsche hen.

* * *

By the way, mei Fraa is irisch un wie ich schun gehert hab, is Deine ah so ebbes. Well, well, wer hätt sell nau inspekt! Do sin mer jo, wie die Hochdeitsche sage, Leidensgenosse. Well menscht Du net ah, dasz es sunnerbar is, dasz so viel junge deitsche Kerls englische Weiwer heirathe? Ich bin jetzt siwe Johr im Ehestand (fast hätt ich Wehstand hingekritzelt) un hab schun oft driwer nochsimilirt, was for en kurios Ding die Lieb is. By Jinks, sie fallt manchmol uf kuriose Blätz hin. Die englische Mäd hen wohl ah ihre gute Points, awer im Dorchschnitt genumme, mehn ich, dasz sie doch net so gut koche könne wie mei Mutter als gekocht hot, wie ich noch deheem wor. Certainly, die deitsch Kocherei nemmt ach meener Zeit wie die englische Küchewerthschaft, un is deswege ah besser verdaulich.

Nix macht der Sälly meh Freed als wann sie Beefsteak brot. Um ¼ bis 12 kummt die Pann uf der Ofe, des Fleesch werd nei geschmisse un e poor mol rumgeflappt un kummt dann uf der Disch mit Krumbeere, mit denne man oftmals ganz gut Baseball spiele kennt. Wann ich dann brumm, so macht sie en brotzig Gesicht un sagt: "Why didn't you marry a Dutch wife?" Do hot mer dann die Bescheering un losz ich als mei Wuth am Beefsteak aus, das als manchmol so zäh is, dasz mer ganz gut Scheierdohrbänder davun mache könnt.

* * *

En annere kurios Circumstanz is, dasz deitsche Dienstmäd in der Familie, die englisch Kocherei blitzortig schnell lerne; awer ah keen Wunner! Sie nemmt net so viel Zeit weg, des bissel Gescherr was dozu gejuhst werd, is schnell gewesche, nochher butze sich die Mäd raus wie die Pingstochse, gehen uf die Strosz, um ihre Fellers ufzusuche. Ah mit de Kinner hots sei Naube, die sinn merschtendehls net englisch un net deitsch. Uf den Punkt will ich awer en anner Mol zurückkumme.

Beschur, die englische Weibsleit hen ah ihre gute Points, des werscht Du hoffentlich ah wisse. Geb mich just net weg, sunscht gebts Prügel in meiner Shanty. Es is mer net wege der Schleg, sunner wege dem Beseschtiehl; Du wescht die Zeite sin hart un kann ich net afforde alle poor Woche en neier Bese zu kaafe.

* * *

Mei Nochbor, der Michel, is bös iwer mich un bischt Du gewissermosze zu bläme defor. Seit de letschte sechs Johr pumpt er mei "Glocke" un hab ich ihm letscht Woch gesaht, dasz selle Bisnisz ufhere musz und dasz wann er die Zeiding will, so sott er sie beschtelle. Er kann's mache, is awer so geizig, dasz er en Warz hinne an seim Hals for en Knopp juhst, juscht um die Koschte zu spare, dasz er keen Krageknopp zu kaafe braucht. Das Zeidingsborge kummt mer juscht about vor wie's Weiberschwappe, un obgleich mei Alte irisch is, so gleich ich sie doch un will sie ganz alenig in meim Haus hawe.

Ich musz jetzt stoppe, die Sälly will mer heit Owet Krumbeerpannkuche backe un do soll en deitsche Esserei is, musz ich mich beheefe un's Bobbie hite, sunscht gebts widder eh Scene.

Dei Freind,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

N.B.—In sellere Zeiding wo Du for mich druscksch, losz mei Nome haus, net dasz vor der Sälly bang hab, awer ich mehn juscht es wär vielleicht doch besser. Mer wesz doch net wasz manchmol bassiere könnt. Es is schun manche Flint losgange wo net gelade war. J. K.

January 22, 1890

Miscellaneous items from our neighborhood.

Mr. Editor!

You must excuse me for troubling you with a bit of correspondence. But it is raining so hard outside that you wouldn't chase a dog out into it and as I don't behave like many of my acquaintances, who stretch out on their sheepskins in broad daylight behind the stove in such weather and snore that the rafters rattle, I came to the conclusion to send you some news. My style of writing is not what the High German calls "a classical German," and that is also not necessary. I write according to my lights and whoever cannot understand it, doesn't have to read it.

Well, to put you in good humor, I am sending you a new subscriber and I'll inform you how I caught him. Last Thursday evening my neighbor, Charley, was at my house and said that one of his boys had the grippe and asked me for advice. I was just then reading your newspaper and I advised him to use that "onion cure." He jeered at me but nevertheless sneaked home soon after. The next morning I met him in Neustadt and he said that his little Jacob was all right again. The onions did it, Mr. Editor, the onions. I then explained to him that he perhaps owed his child's life to the Glocke. He took the bait and here I am sending you his name. But he also wants a prize book. If you have one of "Schinnerhannes" (story of an outlaw in the Rheinland, beheaded 1803) then send it to him. Yes, I have always had great faith in the onion and have often tried to explain to my wife, Sally, the many medicinal herbs the Germans have.

* * *

By the way my wife is Irish and as I have heard yours is something like that too. Well, well, who would have expected that! Here we are, as the High Germans say, brothers in suffering. Well don't you think that it is odd, that so many German chaps marry English girls? I am seven years in the matrimonial state (state of misery I almost scribbled down) and have already often reflected on what a curious thing love is. By jinks, it often strikes the queerest places. The English girls no doubt have their good points too, but taken on the average, I don't think they can cook as well as my mother used to cook when I was still at home. Certainly German cooking also takes more time than the English cooking but it is therefore also more digestible.

Nothing gives Sally more joy than frying beefsteak. At a quarter to 12 she puts the pan on the stove, throws in the meat, flips it over a couple of times and then puts it on the table with potatoes, with which you could often quite easily play baseball. If I then grumble a bit, she makes a sour face and says: "Why didn't you marry a Dutch wife?" So there you have it and I take out my rage on the beefsteak which is often so tough that you could make barn door ties with it.

* * *

Another strange thing is, that German maids in the family learn English cooking with lightning speed. But you don't need to marvel at that! It doesn't require so much time, the few dishes that are used are quickly washed, afterwards the girls get dressed up like fashion plates and go out parading the sidewalks in order to look up some fellows. The children, too, present a problem, they are for the most part neither English nor German. But I am going to return to this point at a later date.

To be sure English women also have their good points, of that I am sure I don't have to convince you. But don't squeal on me, otherwise there will be a rumpus in my shanty. I don't care so much about the blows, but I worry about the broom handle. You know that times are hard and I can't afford buying a new broom every couple of weeks.

* * *

My neighbor, Mike, is angry at me and you are to a certain extent to blame for it. For the last six years he has been borrowing my Glocke and I told him last week that that business would have to stop, and that if he wanted the newspaper he should order it. He can afford it, but he is so stingy that he uses the wart at the back of his neck as a button, just to save the expense of having to buy a collar button. But borrowing newspapers looks the same to me as swapping wives, and although my old lady is Irish, nevertheless I like her and want to have her all to myself in my house.

I must conclude now as Sally wants to make potato pancakes for me this evening, and since that is a German dish, I must behave myself and mind the baby, otherwise there will be a scene again.

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

NB—In that paper that you print for me, leave out my name, not that I am afraid of Sally, but I think that it would be better perhaps. You don't know what might happen. Already many a gun has gone off that was not loaded. J. K.

Burma Jobs By China

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RITTINGER

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KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

September 17, 1890

Allerlei aus unserer Nochborschaft

Mister Drucker!

Du muscht mich excuse, dasz ich so lang nix fun mir here hab losse, ich wor awer arig bissy wit der Ernd un hab ke Zeit g'hatt um meiner liderarischer Oder freie Laaf zu losse. Die Ernd isch adlig gut in unserer Nochborschaft ausg'falle; manche Bauere awer sin doch net zufriede un were's ah net, wann ihne dere Weeze aus de Hosseseck wachse deht.

Vorgeschter Owed wor ich im Neuschtettel um en Bottel Wanzetroppe zu kaafe un do hab ich de Burgermeschter zum Hannes iwer die General Elections plaudere here, die so bald kumme solle. Uf em Hemweg hab ich iwer die Politik nochgedenkt un bin zu der Concluschun kumme, dasz die Leit immer unzufriede sin. Jeder hot ebbes zu klage. Ehm fehlt desz un dem annere sell, all awer klage, dasz sie net genug Geld hen. Die Leid sind ah schier all unzufriede mit dene zwee politische Pärties, un ah ken Wunner. Jede Pärty hot em Volk allerhand gute Sache verschbroche, wann sie for sie stimme dehte, awer es wor jedesmol en Humbug. Wie der Mackenzie elekt worre wor, hen die Leit schur gemehnt es braucht nau niemand meh zu schaffe un jeder so lewe un die Zeit zubringe mit Fische un schiesze. Wie seller Humbug ausgeschpielt wor, hot's geheesze die Leit solle for de Sir John Macdonald stimme, derno dehte schur die gute Zeite kumme. Er isch ah uf sell hin elekted worre, es wor awer wieder "nix kumm raus." Wer Geld hawe will musz dafor schaffe, except die Bigbugs. Es isch wohr, es ging in manche Sache besser unner em Mackenzie, die Grumbiere-Keffer wore net halb so schlimm wie vorher, un die Hund hen ah net so viel Läus g'hat.

* * *

Unner em Sir John seiner Regierung hen me wohl des Johr en gute Ernd gehat, ah hot er uns Protecksching gewe, awer leider net gege die Tax Collektors un de Doht. Schaffe awer musz ma wie en Nigger wann ma net verhungern will, no matter ob die Grits oder die Tories in Ottawa hause.

Ich hab deswege mei Meind ufgemacht en neu Pärty zu schtärte un in Süd-Grey als Candidat raus zu kumme. Mei Platform is nei, ich hob sie ganz allenig ausgedifteltt un bin schur, dasz sie unnerm Volk nemmt wie heesze Pannakuche mit Buschmalassig. Wann ich dann elekted un Premier in Ottawa bin, dann misse emol erschtens alle Taxes abgeschafft werre. Die Goverment bezahlt alle selle. In jedem Schtettel werd en Government-Bank ufgemacht un wer Geld braucht, holt sich so viel er will. Wer for mich schtimmt, kriegt die "Glocke" en Johr lang for nix zugeschickt, isch awer net zu der Prämie berechtigt; selle bezahl ich net. Mer mache genug Post-Offices, so dasz Jedermann ehne hawe kann wer ehne will. Die Riegelweg un Schteamboots were all fum Goverment gerunnt un die Leit kenne for nix fahre un kriege noch en Mittagsesse mit zwei Glas dreijährige Cider neigeschmisse.

* * *

Die Bauere solle es ah besser hawe. Die Regierung musz alle Mortgages bezahle un alle Schtumpe raus roppe losse. Wer sei Office net treu verwaltet oder schthelt, mit dem settelt die Särah. Die Goverment furnished alle Planz-Zwiewele un der Kerbse-Saame. Die Bauere awer misse mei Alte in Schmohktuwak halde. Wer noch Manitoba auswandert, kriegt en Bauerei geschenkt, wann er Bergschaft schtellt, dasz er's nächste Mohl for mich stimmt. Alle alte Bätschlors werre in die Penitentscherie geschickt, wann sie net innerhalb 24 Schtunde heiere. Es darf ah ken Mann sei Fra schlage, except die Särah sagt, dasz sie es verdient hot. Des, Mr. Editor, isch mei Platform un ich losz es für die freie un unabhängige Wähler ob sie sie annehme welle oder net. Ich bin awer ah willig, sie noch Wunsch zu verännere. So viel iwer Politik.

* * *

Die Mushroom-Ernd isch den Herbst ah adlig gut gerode un kumme jeden Dag en poor Bigbugs von Ayton un Vielnethig, um die Schwemm zu suche. Ich gedrau mer awer doch net des Luderzeig zu esse, do ma sie härly fun de giftige kenne kann. Am beschte kann ma's sage ob's Mushrooms oder Giftschwemm worre, wann mer sie gesse hot; wann ma net schterbt, dann worre es Mushrooms, schterbt ma awer, dann worre es Giftschwemm. Do awer mei Bauerei noch wenigschtens verzig Johr lang gut genug for mich isch, so decline ich respectfully Mushrooms zu esse.

Die Neuschtädler Viehschow isch in en poor Dag. Die Särah will en "Log Cabin Quilt", Wollblume, Lattwerg, heemgebackenes Brod un zwee thoroughbred Hinkel ausschtelle. Ich hoff sie kriegt die erschte Preise, for wann sie net duht, dauer ich die Preis-Judges.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

September 17, 1890

Miscellaneous items from our neighborhood

Mr. Editor:

You must excuse me for my long drawn-out silence, I was quite busy with the harvest and didn't have time to give my literary talents free rein. The crops have turned out exceedingly well in our neighborhood; many farmers are, however, not satisfied and wouldn't be, even if the wheat sprouted out of their pants' pockets.

The other evening I was in Neustadt to buy a bottle of bed-bug repellent and there I heard the mayor chattering about the impending general election at Jack's Hotel. On the way home I reflected about politics and came to the conclusion that the people are always dissatisfied. Everyone always has something to complain about. One lacks this, the other that, but all complain that they don't have enough money.

Practically all the people are dissatisfied with the two political parties and that is no surprise. Each party has promised the people all kinds of good things if they voted for it, but in every case it was sheer humbug. When Mackenzie was elected the people thought for sure no one would have to work any more and each one would live that way and spend the time in fishing and shooting.

* * *

When that humbug had been exhausted the word went around that the people should vote for Sir John Macdonald after which good times would come for sure. He was elected on that plank, but again the end was the same. Whoever wants to have money must work for it, except the bigbugs.

It is true, many things were better under Mackenzie, the potato beetles were not half as bad as before, and also the dogs did not have so many fleas.

Under Sir John's government we have had a good harvest this year, too he gave us protection, unfortunately not against the tax collectors and against death. But one must work like a slave if one does not wish to starve to death no matter if the Grits or the Tories are at the helm in Ottawa.

I have, therefore, made up my mind to start a new party and to run as a candidate for it in South Grey. My platform is new. I conjured it up myself and I am sure that our people will take to it like hot pancakes with maple syrup. When I am elected then and am prime minister in Ottawa, then for a start all taxes are to be abolished. The government will pay all of them. In every hamlet a government bank will be opened and whoever needs money can get as much as he wants.

Whoever votes for me will get the Glocke sent to his address for one year free of charge, but is not entitled to the premium, for it I won't pay. We shall open enough post offices that everyone can have one if he wants one. The railways and the steamboats will all be run by the government and everybody will be able to ride for nothing and will have thrown into the bargain a dinner with two glasses of three-year-old cider.

The farmers are also going to have a better deal. The government must pay all the mortgages and have all the stumps pulled. Whoever does not manage his office honestly or who steals will be straightened out by Sarah. The government will provide free of charge all set onions and pumpkin seed. The farmers must, however, keep my old lady in smoking tobacco. Whoever migrates to Manitoba will get a free farm if he gives a guarantee that he will vote for me the next time.

* * *

All old bachelors will be sent to the penitentiary if they do not marry within 24 hours. No man may beat his wife unless Sarah says that she deserves it.

That, Mr. Editor, is my platform. I leave it to the free and independent voters whether they want to accept it or not. But I am also willing to change it upon request. So much about politics.

The mushroom crop has also turned out well this fall, and every day a couple of bigbugs come from Ayton and Poorville to look for mushrooms. I don't have the courage to eat the confounded stuff, since one can harly distinguish the good ones from the poisonous variety. One can be most certain if they were mushrooms or toadstools after one has eaten them. If one does not die, they were mushrooms, if one dies, however, then they were toadstools. Since my farm will continue to suit me for the next 40 years, I decline respectfully to eat mushrooms.

The Neustadt cattle show will take place in a few days. Sarah wants to exhibit a "log cabin quilt," wool flowers, apple butter, homemade bread and two thoroughbred chickens. I hope she will get first prizes, for if she doesn't I shall be indeed sorry for the prize judges.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of
JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Oktober 15, 1890

Allerlei aus unsere Nochborschaft

Neischadt, Oktober 8, 1890

Mister Drucker!

Ich bin heit Owert in enere sunnerbare Schtimmung: ich hab die "Blues," oder uf Deitsch g'sagt, en moralischer Katzejammer. Die Särah hot mir widde e Mol for en Abwechsling in ganz "handgreiflicher" Weis die Levite gelese, weil ich mich geschter en Bissel zu lang im Schtedel ufgehalte hab. Well ich bin noch mit eme blooe Aag dafu kumme un breis mich glicklich, dasz es net gar zu schlimm eig'schlage hot!

Die Särah liegt in de Kammer drin un schnarckst, dasz die Balke krache, de Hund liegt hinne em Offe un schloft, gauzt un heilt awer hie un do ganz ferchterlich; (was der zu heile hot, weesz ich net, er hot doch ke Fraa un a sunscht keen Druwel?) de Rege blätschert gege die Scheiwe un kannscht Du Dir denke, dasz desz keen ohrekitzliche Musik isch, um en Mann in en humoristische Stimmung zu bringe un muscht Du mich excuse, wann ich heit Owert vielleicht en wenig zu grob werre sott.

Am vorletschte Sundag bin ich mit der Familie in die Versammling g'fahre, wie es sich for anstendige Leit baszt un wor noch de Kerch ganz erstonischt, en grosze Drupp Buwe un Mäd uf eme Haufe beisamme zu sehne. Ich hab gewunnert was de Beddel do los sei mag un hab mich so langsam hiegeschniekt. In der Mitt fun der Graud hot en Medel geschtanne, das mir arig bekannt forkumme isch. Uf emol fallt mirs ei, dasz es jo die Christina Bloofusz isch, derre ihre Däd in der neckschte Concession wuhnt und die seit sechs Munat in Guelph geschafft hot. Du kannscht Dich druf verlosse, dasz sie noch de neieschte Fäsching ugfedunnert wor; en Hut uf em Kopp, des ausgesehe hot, als ob er erscht dorch die Dreschmachin un dann dorch de Cultivator gange wär un zuletscht in de Kerbsepresz noch in die richtig Shape gedrickt worre wär. En Papagei, en Schildkrot, en junge Nachteil un en poor Maikeffer als fashionable Ornaments hen net druf gefehlt. Juscht schad' dasz sie net ah noch en ausgeschtobter Aff oder en junge Grundsau druff gehat hot. Die nethige Poddere, Bruschtschpell, Ohrring, seidige Frack, en poor hunnert Yard Bendel, un glitzerige Kneppschuh, die anyhow en halbe Zoll zu eng wore, un griene Hensching, wore ah all am Blatz. Jetzt isch der Peter Strackdurch her kumme, hot sich durch de Drupp gedrengt, sei Hand naus geschtreckt un g'sagt: "Ei wie gehts Christina, ich hab Dich nau fascht nimmer gekennt!" Do hot awer die Christina gebluscht, die Aage verdreht un g'sagt: "Thanks, Mr. Straightthrow, I was bretty well, how is yourself?" "Kannscht nimmer deitsch Christina?" hot der Peter do drufhi gefrogt. "No, Mr. Straightthrow, I have already my dutch forgotten in Guelph, I only live wid English ladies und gentlemens und don't see some dutch people anymore." Des wor genug for de Peter; er hot dere Modebobb der Buckel gedreht, sei Fuhr geholt un isch heem gefahre.

En Dehl fun der Annere sin noch en Zeitlang um die Christina rumgeschtanne un sie fun Forne un Hinne beguckt, wie en Kameel in der Circus. Die junge Buwe un Med, die noch for drei Johr mit ihre in die Schul gange sin, hot sie nimmer kenne welle un der Michel Hoofnagel hot sie dann geintroduced. Nochdem die Christina "How tschu du" gesagt g'hat hot, hot sie ihr Pocketbuch ufgemacht un de Buwe un Med ihre Kard gewe, uf dere ihr Name "Tiny Bluefote" in ehme Bunsch fun Rose un Johnny jumjups gedruckt wor. Uf em Hemweg hab ich iwer die Sach nochgedenkt un isch mir die Schtory fum Danzbär eigefalle, die me als in der Schul gelese hen.

Dorch de Hochmuth, Mister Drucker, isch die erscht Sind in der Kelt kumme un werd der ah net abzuschaffe sei, so lang die Welt schteht. Wann viel fun so junge Med in die Schtedt kumme, so werre die poor erschte Schilling die verdient worre sin, ah glei dem Hochmuthsdeifel geopfert. Die heemgesponnene Freck un Unnerreck werre sobal wie meglich in de Lumbecarbet-Sack geschtobt un die rothe wollige Schtrimp, an dene vielleicht die Mutter Nachts noch Schtunde lang geschtrickt hot, dasz ihr Dochter net Kalt kätsche soll, wannere in de Schlappkiwel un fun do aus uf de Mischthaufe. So Kleeder sin jo net fashionable; ob sie awer warm un gesund sin, dora werd net gedenkt. Deitsch welle sie dann ah nimmer blaudere un wann sie emol des Wort "Sauerkraut" here, schnappe sie noch Luft wie en geschtochenes Kalb un wellé glei in Ohnmacht falle. Owerts werd of der Schtrosz rumgeschbrunge um en Kerl zu kätsche, denke awer net dra, dasz en ordentlicher, junger Mannskerl, der en gute Hausfra will, sie net Nachts uf der Schtrosz mit der Ladern suche geht. Es neckscht Ding isch dann bei viel fun dene Med, dasz sie nimmer in die deitsche Kerche geh, weil dort net genug Schteil isch un gehne deswege in die englisch Kerch, net um ebbes Gutes zu here, sondern um zu gucke, was for en Hut oder Frack die Misses So un So angehat hot.

Uf der Bauerei dehte viel net als Mad schaffe un wann ihne de Himmel voll Baszgeige henge deht. Desz remind mich uf enere Circumstänce der mir un de Särah for an poor Johr in Walkerton bassiert isch. Mir hen a en Mad gesucht un hen gehert, dasz in Greenock en braf Medel sei, dasz en Blatz suche deht. In Klemp's Hotel hen mer geschtobt ûm die Geil zu fittere, als uf emol en Medel in die Sitting Room kummt un die Särah fragt ob sie net a Mad braucht. "Jo," sagt die Särah, "awer mir wuhne uf der Bauerei un hen en grosze Familie." "Ich gleich's Land un a die Kinner," wor die Antwort. Dodruf sagt die Särah: "Du muscht Brod backe, koche un wesche un derfscht juscht zweemol die Woch Owerts naus." "Des duh ich alles gern un will gor net naus Owerts," hot's Medel g'sagt. Du kannscht Dir denke, wie froh die Särah wor so en Jewel von enere Mad zu kriege, als glei druf der Jailkeeper die Dihr rei kummt un sagt, "Excuse mich, Mrs. Klotzkopp, awer des Medel isch närrisch un isch mir heit Morge aus der Jail gewitscht."

Jo's jung Volk will nimmer uf der Bauerei bleiwe un sin viel fun de Buwe in dere Hinsicht noch schlimmer als die Med. (Dofun will ich awer es neckscht Mol schreiwe). Ich for mei Dehl ziegs Lewe uf de Bauerei em Stadtlewe for un fallt mir, wann immer ich do driwer nochdenk, des schee Lied ei, dasz mir als in unsere Jugend im alte Joe Quetschbalg seine Singschul gesunge hen, un des gelaut hot wie folgt:

Dheel Landleit hen keen Luscht deheem,
Sie hänkere nooch der Schadt;
Vor mei Dheel, ich hab immer noch
Kee' Noschen so gehatt.

'S mag gut genung im Schtedel sei —
Geb mir das griene Land;
Do is net alles Haus un Dach,
Net alles Schtroos un Wand.

Was hot m'r in der Schadt vor Freed?
'S is nix als Lärm un Jacht,
M'r hot kee Ruh de ganse Dag,
Kee Schloof die ganse Nacht.

Die Buwe gucke matt un bleech;
Die Meed sin weisz un dinn;
Sie hen wol scheene Kleeder a',
'S is awer nix rechts drin.

Die Schtadtleit sin zu zimperlich;
Sie rege schier nix a;
Sie brauche net ihr weisze Hend,
Aus Forcht, 's kummt eppes dra'!

Mir is zu wenig Grienes do,
Kee Blumme un kee Beem;
Wann ich e Schtund im Schtedel bin,
Dann will ich widder heem.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

October 15, 1890

Random items from our neighborhood

Neustadt, October 8, 1890

Mr. Editor!

I am in an unusual frame of mind this evening. I have the "blues" or as we say in German, I'm down in the dumps. My Sarah has for a change again hauled me over the coals in close combat fashion because I stayed a little while too long in the village. Well, I got away with only one black eye, and I thank my lucky stars that I escaped as lightly as I did.

Sarah is now lying in the bedroom and snoring that the rafters ring, the dog is lying behind the stove and sleeping, barks and howls horribly at times (why he howls I do not know, he has no wife and also no other troubles), the rain splashes against the window panes. You can imagine that that is no ear-tickling music to bring a person into a happy mood, consequently you must excuse me if I should become a little too nasty this evening.

On Sunday last but one I went to the meeting-house with the family, as is fitting for respectable people. After church I was quite astonished to see a large crowd of boys and girls in one spot. I wondered what in blazes might be up and slowly sneaked up to where they were. In the centre of the crowd stood a girl, who looked terribly familiar to me.

Suddenly it occurred to me that it was surely Christina Bloofuss, whose father lives in the next concession, and who has been employed in Guelph for the last six months. You can depend on it that she was decked out in the latest style. She had a hat on her head that looked as if it had first gone through the threshing machine and then through the cultivator and finally had been pressed into the proper shape by the pumpkin press. A parrot, a tortoise, a young hoot-owl, and a couple of May bugs as fashionable ornaments were also not lacking on it. It was too bad that she did not have a stuffed monkey or a young groundhog to add to the list. The necessary necklaces, brooches, earrings, silk dress, a few hundred yards of ribbon, and shiny button shoes, which were at least a half inch too narrow, and green gloves were all there.

Now Peter Strackdurch came up, pushed his way through the crowd, stretched out his hand and said: "Well, how are you, Christina; why, I hardly knew you any more!"

Whereupon Christina blushed, rolled her eyes and said: "Thanks, Mr. Straightthrow, I was bretty well, how is yourself?"

"Can't you speak German any more, Christina?" Peter then asked.

"No. Mr. Straightthrow, I have already my Dutch forgotten in Guelph, I only live with English ladies and gentlemens and don't see some Dutch people any more."

That was enough for Peter; he turned his back on the fashion doll, got his team and drove home. A few of the others stood around Christina for yet a while and stared at her from front and rear as if she were a camel in the circus. The young boys and girls who three years ago had attended school with her she no longer recognized, and Michael Hoofnagel then introduced them to her.

After Christina had said "How do you do" to them, she opened her pocketbook and gave the boys and girls her card, on which her name "Tiny Bluefote" was printed in the middle of a bunch of roses and johnny-jump-ups. On the way home I reflected on the affair and the story of the dancing bear, which we read in school, came to my mind.

Through pride, Mister Editor, the first sin came into the world, and we shall probably not get rid of pride as long as the world exists. When many of the young girls get to the cities, they sacrifice the first few shillings they have earned to the demon of pride. The homespun dresses and petticoats are stuck as soon as possible into the rag carpetbag, and the red woollen stockings, on which perhaps mother knitted for hours at night, so that her daughter should not catch cold, wander into the garbage pail and from there to the dung heap.

Such clothes are indeed not fashionable, but whether they are warm and healthy does not come into question. They do not want to speak German any more either, and if they should by chance hear the word "sauerkraut" they gasp for breath like a stuck calf and immediately want to fall into a faint. In the evening they rush around the street in order to catch a fellow, but they do not reflect on the fact that a proper young man, who is looking for a good housewife, is not looking for one on the street at night with a lantern.

The next thing is that many of these girls no longer attend the German church, because there is not enough style there, but they go for that reason to the English church, not in order to hear anything good, but to look what kind of a hat or dress Mrs. So and So is wearing.

On the farm many of them would not work as a maid, even if heaven were hanging full of violincellos. This reminds me of an incident which happened to me and Sarah a few years ago. We were just then looking for a maid and had heard that a good girl in Greenock was looking for a place to work. We stopped off at Klemp's Hotel in order to feed the horses, when suddenly a girl came into the sitting room and asked Sarah if she needed a maid.

"Yes, said Sarah, "but we live on the farm and have a large family."

"I like the country and also the children," was the answer.

Then Sarah said: "You will have to bake bread, cook and do the laundry and you will be allowed out only twice a week."

"I will do all that gladly and do not want to go out at all nights," the girl said.

You may imagine how happy Sarah was to get such a jewel of a maid, when almost immediately the jailkeeper came in through the door and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Klotzkopp, but the girl is crazy and slipped away from me out of jail this morning."

Yes, the young people do not wish to stay on the farm any more, and many of the boys are even worse than the girls in this respect. (About that I shall write next time). I for my part prefer life on the farm to city life. Whenever I reflect on this I remember the beautiful song that we sang in our youth in old Joe Quetschbalg (squeeze-bellows) singing school, and which ran as follows:

Some rustics have no joy at home,
They hanker for the town;
I've never had a yen to roam,
Such notions get me down.

The town may have its pleasant side,
Give me the country green;
Where no contraptions nature hide,
And all things can be seen.

What pleasures can the town provide?
There's naught but noise and din;
By day there is no rest outside,
By night no rest within.

The boys all look so weak and pale,
The girls are pale and thin;
Though stylish clothes may them regale,
One finds no good therein.

These city folks, a crowd of prudes,
For work they have no time;
Their pale white hands they dare not use,
For fear of germs and grime.

Too little green in there to see,
No trees and flowers grow;
One hour in town is lots for me,
Then home I straightway go.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Oktober 7, 1891.

Joe Klotzkopp befand sich in vergangener Woche in unserer Office und meldete, dasz er in der Kürze, vielleicht schon in nächster Woche, wieder von sich hören lassen werde.

Oktober 14, 1891

Allerlei aus unserer Nochborschaft

Neischtadt, 7. Oktober 1891.

Mister Drucker!

Die Ernd hen me nau so ziemlich drin bis uf die Schwedriewe un die Herbschtzwiewel; ah's Sauerkraut isch gud g'rothe un weise alle Indicaschuns druf hi, dasz die Brotwerscht im kommende Winter lenger werre wie seit viele Johr. Gell, wann ich fun Brotwerscht schreib, dehtschte ah gleiche en Bauer zu sei? Wann Du awer in der Ernd zugucke mischt, wie ich als duh, wie die Leit sich schinne un ploge, deht's Dir vergeh.

Seit mein letschte Brief hot sich net viel Unglück in der Familie zugedrage, except, dasz die alt groh Mähr verreckt isch, un die Särah mir widder en Bobby geschenkt hot. Die Nochborsweiwer insiste druf, dasz es Bobby mir gleich gucke deht; ich awer bin de Meening, dasz es in de Särah ihrer Rasz schlagd. Es hot feierrothe Hoor, schielt wie en Seekrebs un heilt Nochts wie en gebrigelter Jadghund.

* * *

Mei Zeide for de Kinner Nochts rumschleppe sin vorbei, un kann mei Helft am Bobby greische soviel wie's will. Ich musz mei Nachtruh hawe, sunscht kann ich Dags net ins Schtettel un ufbasse, dasz die Leit net zu fiel drinke.

Ich gehör jetzt nemlich zum Demberenzvereen un hab ah schun en Amt. Obwohl ich dagege gekickt hab, so hen sie doch en Officer aus mir gemacht. Mei Titel isch High Reverend Patriarch fun der Piramide, Vice-Grand Dictator fum Mond un Commänding Chief fum spiritus frumenti optimus. Wann Du hebreisch verschtehecht, weescht Du was selle englische Werter mehne. Gell des hetscht mir ah net ahgesehne wie ich letscht Wuch bei Dir wor? Ja ma weesz net immer was for en edel Herz unne manchem growe Kittel schlagt.

Ich bin en gude Chrischt un will hawe, dasz es Bobby gedaaft werre soll. Bis jetzt isch desz awer noch net g'schehe, weil die Särah un ich uns net wege em Nome un em Pedderich eenige kenne. Ich will hawe, dasz mei Jingschter Christian Abraham Klotzkopp heesze soll. Dodogege awer kickt die Fraa wie en Schtier un meent, selle Nome wäre zu dutsch for ihr Kind.

"Patrick McManus musz es heesze," sagt sie. "Die labbiche deitsche Nome sin ausgespielt, guck juscht Joe, wie scheen es laude deht, wanns Bobby emol grosz isch un uns Brief schreiwe deht mit seim Nome drunner Mr. P. McManus Blockhead, Esq."

"Mei Kind isch deutsch," hab ich geantwortet, "uns Bobby hot net meh use for en eirische Nome wie en Sau for en Hossesack. Meinswege heesz es No. 8 — Alles juscht keen eirischer Nome oder No. 9."

"All right," sagt die Särah. "No. 8 soll's heesze, Du Lumb, un de ald O'Reilly musz es iwer die Daaf hewe."

* * *

Ich hab dodegege geprotestet un g'sagt, dasz ich ihn net leide kennt. Do isch awer die Fraa in die Hitz g'fahre un hot gemehnt:

"Du korzsichtiges Kameel, weescht net, dasz er en reiche Batschlor uhne Kinner isch? Was meennscht, wann der emol schterbt un hinnerloszt em Patrick McMannusle $5000, kann ma die net mitnemme? So awer said ihr Maulaffe fun Menner, an die Zukunft denkt ihr nie. De O'Reilly hebts iwer die Daaf un No. 8 musz es heesze, noht welle ma emol seene was die Leid dozu sage."

Mit dene Worte hot sie noch em Wergelholz g'schnappt; ich awer war mit ehm Tschump im Hof un gesaved. Ich hab die Katz mit ihre Junge kreische un schpaue heere un doraus concluded, dasz es Wergelholz widder emol uf sie gefalle sei musz. Mir schwetze nau schun zwee Woche net mit ananner un's Bobbydaafe isch sidde net widder gemenschent worre.

Es isch doch en Elend mit de Weibsleit, Mr. Drucker! In Allem welle sie ihr eegner Weg hawe. De anner Owend hab ich uf em Hinkelschtall g'hockt un iwer allerlei nochsimiliert, denn es gefallt mir doch net, dasz die Särah net mit mir schwetzt. Mit ennere Fraa sottscht doch in die Reih kumme Joe, hab ich zu mir selwer gesagt. Denk amol an de Salomon, des wor doch en ferchterlich schmarter Mann, noch sogar unne de Judde — die wede uf de Kopp noch uf's Maul g'falle sin — der isch mit 1000 Weiwer ferdig worre un du werscht net mit ennere ferdig.

* * *

Denk doch juscht emol dra, was die ihn gekoscht hawe missa? Wann die all newer enanner g'schtanne hen, musz des en Reih fun do bis noch Ayton g'weszt sei. Un besser wie heidzudag worre sie worscheenlich ah net, die hen seid Eva's Zeide her de Menner immer de gleich Druwel g'macht. Uf zehn Weibsleit kummt immer ehne mit rother Haar, consequently hot de Salomon exactly 100 rothhoorige Weiber g'hat. Wie misse die morgets for em Breakfäscht oder am Waschdag ausgeguckt hawe?

Wann sei Majesty mit seiner Haushalding fun 1000 Fraae die Neischtedter Viehschoh besucht het, het's ihn mit seiner Person exactly $100.10 gekoscht, un wann er sie nochher nunner zum Hannes genumme het, um ihne en Glas Bier un Lewerworscht zu kaafe, werre anyhow nochmals $55 druff g'gange. Wie werd's em gange sei, wenn er emol eme annere Weibsperson mit em Aag zugeblunke hot? Un selle Businesz musz er verschtanne hawe, sunscht het er ken 1000 Weiwer hawe kenne!

* * *

Der musz en Haut g'hat hawe so dick wie der Glockemann, sunscht het er's net schtände kenne. Oder wann sei Weiwer neie Winter-Bonnets un Schtrimp gebraucht hen? Bei dene Gedanke isch mir's eiskalt de Buckel nunne geloffe un ich hab mir vorgenumme, dasz wann der Salomon mit 1000 Weiwer ferdig worre isch, ich anyhow mit der Särah ferdig werr un nemly grod jetzt!

Wie der Blitz bin ich fum Hinkelschtall nunnegerutscht un uf's Haus zugeloffe, dasz die Säu, Gens, Schoof un anner Federvieh in alle Direschuns gefloge isch. Wie ich de Dierhändel in de Hand gehatt hab, isch mir uf emol eig'falle, dasz man neergends lest, dasz sich unne denne 1000 Mrs. Salomons en eenzige fun der Särah ihrer Rasz befunne hot.

Mei gude Resoluschuns sin in de Hossesack g'falle un ich bin imme noch dei geblogde

JOE KLOTZKOPP.

October 7, 1891.

Joe Klotzkopp was in our office last week and announced that he would again write to us shortly, perhaps already next week.

October 14, 1891.

Miscellaneous items from our neighborhood

Neustadt, October 7, 1891.

Mister Editor:

The harvest is now almost all under cover with the exception of Swede turnips and the late onions. The sauerkraut too has turned out well and all indications point to the fact that the fried sausage will be longer than usual in the coming winter. It's true, isn't it, when I talk of fried sausage you would like to be a farmer too? But if you had to see, as I do, how the people torment and plague themselves during the harvest, you would soon change your thinking.

Since my last letter not much misfortune has befallen my family, with the exception that the old grey mare kicked the bucket and that Sarah has presented me again with a little bundle. The women of the neighborhood insist that the little tike resembles me, but I am of the opinion that he takes after Sarah's side of the family. He has fiery red hair, squints like a lobster and howls at night like a beaten hunting dog.

My age for dragging children around at night is over, no matter how loudly my half of the little brat howls, I have to have my night's rest otherwise I can't go to the village during the day and keep my eye on the people so that they don't drink too much.

* * *

I belong now, as you know, to the temperance society and have already an office in it. Although I kicked against accepting a position they nevertheless made an officer out of me. My title is High Reverend Patriarch of the Pyramid, Vice-Grand Dictator of the Moon and Commanding Chief of the spiritus frumenti optimus. If you understand Hebrew you will know what those English words mean. I am sure you would not have anticipated such a transformation in me when I was at your place last week, now would you? Yes one never knows what kind of a noble heart beats under many a rude overall.

I am a good Christian and I want our brat to be baptized. Until now, however, that has not taken place because Sarah and I cannot agree on a name and on a godparent. I want my latest sprout to be called Christian Abraham Klotzkopp. My wife kicks against that idea like a steer and claims that that name would be too "Dutch" for her offspring.

* * *

"Patrick McManus must be his name," she says. "The stupid German names are a thing of the past. Just imagine Joe how beautiful it would sound when our baby is grown up and writes us letters over the signature of Mr. P. McManus Blockhead, Esq."

"My child is German," I answered, "and hasn't more use for an Irish name than a sow has for a pant's pocket. As far as I am concerned name it No. 8 — everything else but an Irish name or No. 9".

"All right," said Sarah. "No. 8 it will be, you wretch, and old Mr. O'Reilly will be its sponsor in baptism."

I protested against that and said that I couldn't stand him. But then my wife flew into a rage and said:

"You shortsighted ignoramus, don't you know that he is a rich bachelor without children? Imagine if he should die and bequeath our little Patrick McManus $5,000. Wouldn't that be worthwhile? But you men are such monkeys; you never think of the future. O'Reilly will be its sponsor and No. 8 will be its name. We'll see what the people have to say to that."

* * *

With those words she reached for her rolling pin, but I jumped into the yard and escaped. I heard the cat and her litter meowing and spitting, and concluded that the rolling pin must have struck them. For two weeks we haven't exchanged a word and the christening hasn't been mentioned again since then.

Mr. Editor, women are certainly miserable! They always want their own way in everything. The other night I was sitting on top of the chicken coop and was reflecting on all kinds of things, for I am certainly not happy that Sarah does not speak to me. You should surely be able to get along with one wife, Joe, I said to myself. Just think of Salomon who was a tremendously smart man even among the Jews — who are neither fools or tongue-tied — he got along with 1,000 women and you can't make a go with one.

Just imagine what they must have cost him? When they all stood in a row it must have been a column from here to Ayton. And they probably were not a whit better than they are today; they have made the same trouble for men since Eve's days. Among every 10 women there is always one with red hair, consequently Salomon had exactly 100 red-haired wives. What must they have looked like in the morning before breakfast, or on wash day?

* * *

If His Majesty with his household of 1,000 wives had visited the Neustadt cattle show, it would have cost him, including himself, exactly $100.10. And if he had taken them afterwards down to Jack's Hotel, and bought them a glass of beer and liver sausage, at least another $55 would have gone to the dogs. What would have happened to him if he ever winked at another woman even with one eye? And he must have understood that business else he would never have had 1,000 wives!

He must have had a skin as thick as the Glockemann's, otherwise he could not have stood it. Or suppose his wives needed new winter bonnets and stockings? A chill ran down my spine at those thoughts and I resolved, since Salomon made a go of it with 1,000 wives, that I would make a go of it with Sarah and make a start at it right now!

I slid off the chicken coop as fast as lightning and ran so rapidly toward the house that the pigs, the geese, the sheep and other fowl flew in all directions. When I had the doorknob in my hand it suddenly occurred to me that one reads nowhere that there was one woman of Sarah's stamp among the 1,000 Mrs. Solomons.

My good resolutions fell into the mud and I am still your tormented,

JOE KLOTZKOPP.

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Die Ontario Glocke.

September 6, 1893

Joe Klotzkopp's Brief an die Särah

Chicago, August 23, 1893.

Mein eenzige Särah!

Ich dunk mei Pen in die Dinte, um Dich wisse zu losse, dasz ich völlig lebendig, dorschdig, hungrig un arig mid in der World's Fair City Tschikago arrived bin. Des isch es gröscht Schteddel, dasz ich mei Lewes Dags noch emol gesehne hab, in fact greeszer wie Walkerton, Neischtadt un Ayton zusamme genumme un ich glab ma derft noch Maple Hill un Hanover mit neischmeise.

Ich un die annere Kerls hen en ziemlich gute Zeit gehat uf der Rees. Wie mir noch Stratford kumme sin, hab ich mei Carpet Sack ufgemacht, um zu lunsche. Wie ich der erscht Handkäs rausgefischt hab und der lieblich Duft mir in die Näs gestiege isch, hab ich so Hemweh griegt, dasz ich Dei Picture aus meim Pischtohlesack geholt un fascht geboszt het, en Ding wo ich seit 23 Johr nimme geduh hab.

* * *

In St. Marys isch mir en schreckliche Schrecke bassiert; dort isch en Weibsmensch ufgestiege des hot ferchterlich zu schimpfe agefange, weil der Konduktohr ihr net erlaabt hot, vier Sitz for sich, ihr Bobby un drei Kerb zu occupeier. Ich hab werklich gemehnt ich dram: ihr Schtimm hot grad so segmihlordig gesaund wie Deine, ihr Hoor wor net ganz so roth un ihr Aage en klee wenig funklicher wie Deine, ihr Buschduhr awer exactly die säm. Sie hot en schwarze Bonnet und Frack angehat un geschimpft wie en Scheereschleefer.

Wie der Konduktohr nix mit ihr hot anfange kenne, hab ich mei Meind ufgemacht ihm zu helfe, weil ich in derordige Affairs Erfahring hab. Kaum awer hab ich mei Maul ufgemacht, so hot sie ihr Umbrell in die Höh gehowe und wott uf mich zuschlage. Sie hot sell awer doch net geduh, for so geschwind wie sie der Kreep uf meim Hut gesehne hot (den ich, wie Du weescht, for Dei dohder Schtiefgroszvadder drag) hot sie wie der Blitz ihn Drachefratz mit ehme siste Schmeil iwerzoge un wor so freindlich wie en Weerth wann ma 2 Schilling uf der Kaunter schmeizt un "all Hands" for en Drink ufruft.

* * *

Der Schtreit wor bald gesettelt un hot sie mir keen Ruh gelosse bis ich mich newe sie gesotze hab. Dann hot sie mir verzehlt, dasz sie en Wittfraa mit sechs arme Würmchen sei un hot so zu brille angefange, dasz die Paint of der linke Seit fun ihrem Gesicht abgeschmolze isch un sie ausgesehne hot wie en Pannekuche, der juscht of ennere Seid gebacke isch. Ich hab so Midleid for sie gefiehlt, dasz ich Hunger griegt hab un aach ihr ehn Handkäs geoffert hab. Bei dere Occasion isch Dei Picture aus dem Carpet Bag uf ihre Schoosz gefalle un wie sie des gesehne hot un ihr der lieblich Schmell in ihr Richhorn gedrunge isch, hot sie en Schrei geduh wie en Newelhorn.

Was dann bassirt isch, weesz ich nimmer, bis ich im Schmoking Car widder zu mir kumme bin. Mei Käs wor ford, die Schramm hinner em Ohr hab ich heit noch. Fun der Widdfraa un ihre sechs Oelzweige hab ich sidde nix mee gesehne. Des wor Adventure No. 1.

* * *

Owerts um ½ 7 Uhr sin mir in Chicago akumme, un fehlts net an Accomodation. Ma kanns do hawe wie ma will, billig oder deiher. Wie ich gesse gehat hab, bin ich die Schtrosz for em Hotel en bissel nunner gange um mir des Lewe azugucke.

Ach was isch des for en Schkandal, noch viel schlimmer als bei der Walkertoner Viehschow! Do sin Wienerworschtpeddlers, Guckkaschtermänner, dreikeppiche Med un annere Miszgeburde, Exquamaux, Riese, Zwerge, Judde, Wohrsager, Panoramas, Shows mit Med die korze Freck an hen un annere widder soll's gewe, die gor kenne an hen (so hen mir anyhow die annere Kerls verzehlt) un noch viel anneres Gediehr isch do zu sehe, grad wie es der Hird zum Dohr naus dreibt.

* * *

Ich bin noch net weit geloffe geweszt, als en Kerl zu mir uf deitsch gekrische hot: "He Du, kum emol her un drink en Glas Lemonade, sell isch gut for Dei rothe Nas!" Nau wie der Schuft gewiszt hot, dasz ich en Deitscher bin, kann ich net verschteh; ich hab doch mei Sundagskleeder an un ah en Blockhut uf! Un wann mei Nas noch rother isch wie daheem, so musz des fun der Sunn kumme; Tschikago liegt iwerhaubt südlicher wie Normanby.

Schnaps werd do wenig gedrunke. Die Leit hen's net nethig, des Bier isch zu gut. Des Bier schmeckt do viel besser wie daheem. Wie des kummt weesz ich net, da in Kanada doch die bescht Gerscht in Amerika wackst.

Die Weibsleid sin awer grad wie daheem aah; sie betrachte die ausgeschtellter Sache lang net so genau wie die Dresses un Bonnets fun ihre Mitschweschtern.

* * *

Mei Inschliglicht isch am ausgehe un musz ich mei Brief jetzt konklude, in der Hoffnung, dasz daheem alles gesund un munter isch. Sag em Tschek er soll der Geil juscht halb so viel Hafer fittere wie sidder, die Exhibition koscht viel Geld, un musz jetzt geschpart werre. Die Rother Riewe un Dickworzelschow haw ich bis jetzt noch net besucht.

Dein bis in den Dohd gedreihe un liewenswerdiger Husband

MR. JOSEPH KLOTZKOPP.

N.B.—Ich schreib neckscht Wuch widde. Sag em Hannes er soll bei all means kumme un wann er die Bauerei vermortgage musz.

September 6, 1893

Joe Klotzkopp's letter to Sarah.

Chicago, August 23, 1893.

My one and only Sarah:

I dip my pen into the ink to let you know that I arrived completely alive, thirsty, hungry and quite fatigued in the World's Fair city of Chicago. This is the largest village that I have seen in my whole life, in fact larger than Walkerton, Neustadt and Ayton put together, and I believe one could throw in Maple Hill and Hanover in addition.

I and the other fellows had a pretty good time on the trip. When we got to Stratford I opened up my carpetbag in order to lunch. When I fished out the first handcheese and when its heavenly aroma penetrated my nostrils, I got so homesick, that I hauled your picture out of my holster and almost kissed it, something I have not done for 23 years.

* * *

In St. Marys a terrible fright overtook me; there a woman got up and began to scold terribly, because the conductor did not permit her to occupy four seats for herself, her brat and three hampers. I really believed I was dreaming. Her voice sounded just as buzzsaw-like as yours, her hair was not quite so red, and her eyes a little less sparkling than yours, her posture however exactly the same. She had on a black bonnet and dress, and scolded like a fishwife.

When the conductor had no luck with her, I made up my mind to help him, because I have experience in such things. I had, however, hardly opened my mouth, when she raised her umbrella and wanted to hit me with it. She, however, did not do that for as soon as she saw the crepe on my hat (which I, as you know, am wearing in honor of your departed stepgrandfather) she transformed her dragon's visage into a sweet smile, and became as friendly as an innkeeper when one throws two shillings on the counter and orders up drinks for "all hands."

* * *

The altercation was soon settled and she gave me no rest until I sat down beside her. Then she acquainted me with the fact that she was a widow with six little hungry mouths to feed and she began to cry so vehemently that the paint on the left side of her face melted off, so that she looked like a pancake, which was baked on only one side. I felt such sympathy for her that I became hungry too and also offered her a handcheese. On that occasion your picture fell out of the carpetbag on her lap and when she saw that and when the lovely odor hit her olfactory organ, she let go a bellow like a foghorn.

What then happened I didn't discover, until I came to again in the smoking car. My cheese was gone, the laceration behind my ear is not healed up as yet. I haven't seen hide nor hair of the widow and her six hopefuls since. That was adventure No. 1.

* * *

In the evening at half past six we arrived in Chicago. There is no lack of accommodation here. You can have it as you wish — cheap or expensive. After supper I walked down the street from the hotel to view the activity.

What a racket, it is even worse than the Walkerton cattle fair! There were wiener purveyors, peep-show operators, three-headed girls and other freaks, Eskimos, giants, dwarfs, Jews, fortune tellers, paroramic pictures, shows with girls in short dresses and there are supposed to be others who have no dresses on at all (at least that is what the other fellows told me), and many other creatures are to be seen just as they are in their natural habitat.

* * *

I hadn't walked very far when a cheap shouted at me in German: "Hi you, come and have a glass of lemonade, it will be good for your red nose!" How the rascal knew that I was a German, I can't understand; I had as you know my Sunday clothes on and was wearing a plug hat! And if my nose is redder than at home then the sun must carry the blame; Chicago lies in any case further south than Normanby.

Little whisky is consumed here. People don't find that necessary here, the beer is too good. The beer tastes much better here than at home. I don't know why this is so, since as you know the best barley in America grows in Canada.

* * *

The women are, however, just as at home; they pay less attention to the dresses and other things that are displayed than on the dresses and bonnets of the other women.

My tallow candle is going out and I must now conclude my letter in the hope that everything at home is in good shape. Tell Jake to cut the oat ration for the horses in half, the exhibition is costing me a lot of money and it is time to save. I have not yet visited the red beet and turnip exhibit up till now.

Your until death do us part faithful and loving husband,

MR. JOE KLOTZKOPP.

N.B.—I shall write again next week. Tell Jack he should come by all means even if he has to mortgage the farm.



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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

September 20, 1893
Joe Klotzkopp auf der World's Fair

Chicago, 1. September 1893

Mister Drucker:

Verschiedene Reasons wege schreib ich heit an dich schtatt an die Särah. Mei Nochbar, der Tscheck, hot mir en Poschtkard geschickt, dasz mei Fraa arig krank isch und der Doktor wenig Hoffning hot — er mehnt in zwee Woche kennt sie widde uf der Bee sei. Ah meim Tschanni isch en Unglick gehappened, er hot en Hackeschtiehl verbroche.

So geht's, Mr. Brinter, wann ma emol 14 Dag lang fun Daheem fort geht. Was die Särah abelangt, hab ich wenig Angscht; sie isch wie fascht alle Weibsleit, wann die net de ganz Dag lang complaine un kreckse, isch ebbes net recht, un doch tiitscht der Kalender, dasz es iweraus mehner Wittweiber wie Wittmenner gebt.

* * *

Well, Mr. Drucker, ich will Dir nau en Dehl fun meiner Experienzes verzehle, die ich uf der Clambambambus-Exposisching durchgemacht hab. Wie ich die viele weisze Gebäude der Welt-Ausschtelling gesehne hab, hab ich gemehnt, ich geh durch die goldige Perledohre in de Himmel ei, un glab ich nau juscht about, dasz viel fun der Visitors die die Ausschtelling besuche, niemols necher an der Himmel kumme werre — Dich net excepted.

In un auswendig fun dene grosze weisze Paläscht, isch alles zu sehne, was durch Menschehend gemacht werre kann. Sogor en Maschin soll do sei, wo man an ehm End en lewige Sau neischteckt, dreht ma dann en Händel, so kummt sie am annere End in Worscht raus. Soll's awer happener, dasz die Worscht net genug gesalze und gepeffert isch, so schteckt ma sie widde nei un dreht hinnerschich, dann kummt die Sau am annere End widde lewig raus. Selwert gesehne awer hab ich die Maschin net.

* * *

Arig viel Kanune, Flinte, Sewel un annere Inschtrumente, wo fun der Lieb der Mensche zu annane zeige, sin ah zu sehne. Aach en Kriegsschiff länger wie der ganz Neischtedter Damm.

Am en annere Blatz sin Brief zu sehne, die der Christoph Columbus an die Kenigin fun Spanien, ihre Mann un annere Gentleleit vor iwer 400 Johr zurick geschriwe hot. Warum die Brief gewisse were, weesz ich net. En scheene Handschrift hot der Columbus net gefihrt, in fact mei Philipple schreibt 10 mol scheene wie er. Der Christoph musz en schlechte Pen un gfrorene Dinde gehat hawe un doch wor er der Baas fun de drei Schiff mit dene er America erfunne hot. Was kann do erscht aus mein Philipp werre?

* * *

Ah en Anker fun eens fum Columbus seiner Schiff isch do zu sehne; an dem isch awer ah nix rares. Es Eise seht wormverfresse aus und bin ich schur, dasz die Foundry en weit besserer Job mache kennt.

Es Esse und Drinke uf em Grund isch abaddig deier. Ich hab genotised, dasz viel Yankees sich for ihr Middagesse juscht en Schtick Pei un en Glas Eiswasser gewe losse. Ich hab sell ah browiert, awer so Bauchweh griegt, dasz ich 6 Schneps, zu 20 Cents 's Glas, mit Peppersauce hab drinke misse, bis mei normal Condition widde enigermosze hergeschtellt wor. Schurle die Yankees misse guszeiserne Mage im Leib hawe.

Die meenschter Leit, wann sie die Sache begucke, reisze die Mäuler so weit uff, dasz ich immer uf die Seit geh um net in der Zugluft schteh zu brauche, for du weescht, dasz ich arig leicht Neuralgie un Rheumadismus kätsch un Tschikago isch ken Blatz for kranke Leit.

* * *

Wanns heit zu dags en Babel uf der Welt gebt, so isch es der Midway Plaisance, wo fascht alle Menscherasse uf em Erdbode verdrehte sin un ihr Theater un annere Shows hen. Un all drage sie die säme Kleeder wie in ihrer Heemath. Manche hen juscht en Duch oder en Fell um die Lende geschlag un net emol en Babirkrage an.

Unner de Sehenswerdigkeete am Midway gehert ah der Moorisch Palace, wo sie die Guillotine weisze, mit denne die Franzoser vor 100 Johr ihrer Kenigin, Marie Antonette un 1800 Arischdokrade die Kepp abgschnitte hen. Blut isch keens meh zu sehne.

* * *

Ah en Gang aus Schpiegelglas hen se do, dasz ehm hunnertfeldig vermehrt. So viel Joe Klotzkopps hab ich mei Lewesdags noch net gesehne. Ich deht $2.50 drum gewe, wann ich den Schpiegel daheem het. Wann dann die Särah widde schimpfe un mit em Schpiellumbe in der Luft rumfuchtler deht, deht ich eefach des Looking Glass hole un wann sie dann ihrem dear Husband sei Likenesz hunnertfach sehe un ken Angscht griege deht, het ich gewisz Ursach for en Divorse zu schue. Was meenscht Du, Mr. Drucker!

De scheenscht un gemithlichscht Blatz am ganze Midway Plaisance isch Alt-Wien. Des isch en Nochbildung fun eme Schtadtdehl in Wien for 200 Johr. Die Heiser sin all 3-4 Schtock hoch un musz es en poor hunnertdausend Dahler gekoscht hawe, des Werk uszufihre. Do schpielt en Wiener Orchester aus 60 Schpielleit, Zigeuner un annere Musikande. Da kann ma Werscht, Bier un Wein for viel Geld hawe, in fact ma kann uf der ganz Ausschtelling alles kriege was es Herz begehrt, juscht keen Geld. Ich war mei Lebdag noch uf kennere Schpriee, wo ich so scheene Musik gehert hab wie do.

* * *

Ah en Nachtwächter hen sie, der alle Schtund rum geht un die Zeit auskreischt. Er hot mittelalderliche Kleeder an, en Horn, en lange Schpies un en Schtallladern dra henge. Ich hab ihm gsagt, dasz mei Unkel groszveterlicherseits ah Nachtwächter in Bobfingen gewese sei un ob er ihn vielleicht gekennt het. Do hot er awer gelacht un ebbes uf wienerisch geanswred, was ich net verschtanne hab. Het ich ken Bang vor seim Schpies gehat, so het ich emol pennsylvanischdeitsch mit ihm geschwetzt.

Vor em Theater fun Damaskus hab ich en Nigger gesehne, der em Grosz-Suldan sei Baasbutscher isch un der mehne Leit die Kepp abgeschlage hawe soll als ergend en annere Mensch der heitzudags lebt. Es erscht mol wie ich ihn gesehne hab, hab ich noch meim Hals gegriffe un der Rockkrage in die Heh geschtellt. Ma gewehnt sich awer bal an des fremm Gesindel do un hab ich ausgefunne, dasz die Halsab- un annere Schneider juscht deszhalb all ihr Messer hoorscharf geschliffe hen, um de Leit de Geldbeidel zur Oder zu losse.

* * *

Es isch mir en Unglick bassirt un isch des die main reason, dasz ich an Dich schreib. Schick mir so schnell wie possible $7.35, dasz ich heem kann. Mei Geld isch mir geschtohler worre. Wie des gehäppened isch, will ich Dir nau verzehle:

Geschte Morge hab ich mei Mind ufgmacht, die Schtadt emol zu besuche. Ich hab mei Sundagskleeder ausgeberscht, die Schtiffel mit Fischöl eigschmirt, en Schtehufkrage umgeknept, en rothseidig Necktei umgebune, un mei roth- un gehlforwig Schnubduch in die ausze Bruschtpocket gschtocke un de Zippel en wenig raushenge losse, mei Watschekett mit Kreid gebutzt, mich gebarbirt un mei Blockhut mit der Schuhberscht gepolischt, dasz er geglitzert hot wie en gwickster Latwergkessel.

Wie ich dann gedresst wor un mich mit meim blooe Umbrell unner em Arm im Schpiegel beguckt hab, hab ich selwert sage misse: "Joe, Du bischt net juscht en Dude, Du bischt sogar en Jim Dandy, ken Wunne, dasz die Wittfraa in St. Marys mit Dir in love gfalle isch!"

Wie ich uf die Schtrosz gkumme bin, hen die Stiffelwickser

Continued next column

gekrische, "shoot that hat." Ich hab mir awer net viel do draus gemacht, ich weesz mei Blockhut isch Daheem der Neid fun de ganze Concession un wann er ah schun 27 Johr un 8 Munat alt isch.

Es wor geschte Nomiddag arig warm un hab ich ferchterlicher Dorscht griegt. Es hot ah net lang gedauert, bis ich en Saluhn gesehne hab. En Medel hot in der Diehr gschtanne un mir zugrufe: "Hello, Uncle, how are you, won't you come in?"

Ich hab mir die Nas gebutzt un gsagt, "I don't care if I do!"

Ich hab gwiszt, dasz die Särah ergens wu in Michigan en Cousin wuhne hot, derre mir for zwee Johr unser Family-Pigtscher gschickt hen un hab ich nau schur geglabt, ich het meine Fraa ihre Freindschaft gschtrocke, bei derre ich mich for die neckscht Woch durchsponsche kennt. Ich bin dann ah in de Saluhn nei. Die Kumpanie un die ganz Verwandschaft hot glei ken gude Eidruck uf mich gmacht; ich hab awer gedenkt die Leit sin net deitsch un wisse net besser. Die Hand hab ich uf mein Geld ghalte un dann en poor Glas Bier gedrunke.

* * *

Es hot net lang gedauerd bis ich arig schleefrig worre bin un glei druf ah eigschlofe sei musz. Wie ich widde ufgwacht bin, hot's Gas schun gebrennt. En Kerl mit erre echte Galgefratz hot hinne de Bar gschtanne un gsagt: "Greeny, you better get home, it's late for you to be out." Ich hab nix gsagt, wor awer ah de seme Meening un bin dann heem gedorgeld.

Wie ich heit morge noch meim Pocketbuch gucke will, wor's by gum fort. Ich hab mei Unglick eme Kunschtawler verzehlt, do ich awer nimme gewiszt hab wo ich beraabt worre bin, hot er nix mache kenne.

Nau vergesz es net, schick mir die $7.35 at once, schunscht sehscht mich nie widde. So schnell wie's Schliddeweg gebt, bring ich Dir Holz dafor.

Dei erwardungsvoller Freind,

MR. JOE KLOTZKOPP.

September 20, 1893
Joe Klotzkopp at the World's Fair

Chicago, September 1, 1893

Mister Editor:

For various reasons I am writing to you today instead of to Sarah. My neighbor, Jake, sent me a postcard, saying that my wife was quite ill and that the doctor held out little hope for her — he thinks that in two weeks she will probably be up and about again. My Johnny too had an accident; he broke a hoe handle.

That's the way things go, Mister Editor, when one is two weeks away from home. As far as Sarah is concerned I am not much worried. She is like almost all females, when they are not complaining and moaning all day long things are not right. Nevertheless the calendar informs us that there are on the whole more widows than widowers.

Well, Mr. Editor, I now want to relate a few of my experiences to you that I have undergone at the Clambambambus Exposition. When I saw the many white buildings at the fair, I thought I was going through the golden pearly gates into heaven, and it is my feeling that many of the visitors at the fair will never get closer to heaven, not even excepting you.

* * *

Inside and outside of these great white palaces one can see everything that the hand of man can devise. Even a machine is said to be there into which one can stick a live pig at the one end and, upon a turn of a handle, sausage comes out at the other end. Should it occur that the sausage is not sufficiently salted and peppered, then one puts it back again and turns the crank in the reverse direction with the result that the pig comes out alive again at the other end. I did not myself see the machine.

Very many cannon, guns, swords and other instruments which testify of man's love to his fellow man are also to be seen. There is also a warship there that is longer than the Neustadt dam.

* * *

At another place one can see letters which Christopher Columbus wrote to the queen of Spain, letters to her husband and to other genteel folk written over 400 years ago. Why the letters are being exhibited beats me. Columbus did not write a good hand, in fact my little Philip writes 10 times more beautifully than he. Christopher must have had a poor pen and frozen ink, nevertheless he was the boss of the three ships with which he discovered America. Imagine what I may expect of my Philip!

One can also see an anchor of one of Columbus' ships, but there is nothing particularly noteworthy about that. The iron looks worm-eaten and, I am sure, that the foundry could make a much better job.

* * *

In the exhibition grounds food and drinks are particularly dear. I have noticed that many Yankees order only a piece of pie and a glass of ice water for lunch. I tried that too, but got such a tummyache that I had to drink six whiskies with pepper sauce at 20 cents a glass until my normal condition was somewhat restored. The Yankees must truly have cast-iron stomachs.

Most of the people when they look at the things open their mouths so far that I always stand to one side to avoid standing in the draft; for you know that I catch neuralgia and rheumatism easily, and Chicago is no place for sick people.

If there is a Babel in the world today than it is the Midway Plaisance where almost all the races of the earth are represented and where they have their theatres and other shows. And all of them wear their native costumes. Many have only a cloth or piece of skin slung around their loins and don't even wear a paper collar.

* * *

To the sights in the midway belongs the Moorish palace, where the guillotine is exhibited with which the French chopped off the heads of their queen, Marie Antoinette, and 1,800 aristocrats a hundred years ago. There is no blood to be seen on it anymore.

There is also a hall of mirrors which reflects one a hundred times. I have never seen so many Joe Klotzkopps in my life before. I would pay $2.50 if I had this mirror at home. When then Sarah would scold again and flourish a scrub rag in the air I would then simply fetch the looking glass, and if she then saw the likeness of her dear husband 100 times and didn't become afraid, then I would certainly have grounds to sue for divorce. What do you think, Mr. Editor!

* * *

The most beautiful and jolly place in the whole Midway Plaisance is Old Vienna. This is a copy of a section of Vienna 200 years ago. The houses are all three and four storeys high and it must have cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars to build the exhibit. A Viennese orchestra of 60 pieces plays there — gypsies and other musicians. There one can have sausages, beer and wine for much money, in fact one can get everything in the whole exhibition that the heart desires, only no money. I haven't in my whole life been at a spree where I heard such beautiful music as I heard there.

They also have a night watchman who makes the rounds every hour and announces the time. He is dressed in medieval costume; has a long spear on which hangs a stable lantern. I told him that my uncle on the paternal side had been a night watchman in Bopfingen, and asked him if he had perhaps known him. He laughed at that and answered something in his Viennese dialect that I did not understand. If I had not been afraid of his spear I would have carried on a little con-

Continued next column

fab with him in Pennsylvania German.

In front of the Damascus Theatre I saw a colored man who is the head executioner of the Grand Sultan, and is said to have chopped off more heads than any other living person. The first time I saw him I quickly reached for my neck and put up my coat collar. But one soon gets accustomed to this foreign rabble there, and I soon discovered that the executioners and other cutters ground their knives to a razor-fine edge in order to bleed peoples' purses.

An accident happened to me and that is the main reason for writing you. Send me $7.35 as quickly as possible so that I can come home. Someone has robbed me — I will tell you how that happened.

* * *

Yesterday morning I decided to pay a visit to the city. I gave my Sunday suit a good brushing, greased my boots with fish-oil, put on a stand-up collar, a red silk necktie, put my red and yellow handkerchief in my breast pocket with a little tip showing, cleaned my watch chain with silver polish, shaved myself and polished my plug hat with my shoe brush until it shone like a waxed apple butter kettle.

When I was then dressed and looked at myself in the mirror with my blue umbrella under my arm I had to say to myself: "Joe, you are not only a dude, you are indeed a Jim Dandy, no wonder that the widow fell in love with you in St. Marys!"

When I got on the street the bootblacks shouted "shoot that hat!" I didn't take the whole business too seriously. I know that my plug hat is at home the envy of the whole concession, even if it is already 27 years and eight months old.

* * *

It was very warm yesterday afternoon and I got a frightful thirst. It didn't take very long until I came upon a saloon. A girl was standing in the door and she called to me: "Hello, uncle, how are you, won't you come in?"

I wiped my nose and said: "I don't care if I do!"

I knew that Sarah had a cousin living somewhere in Michigan, to whom we sent our family picture two years ago and I thought for sure that I had run into a relative of my wife's, on whom I could sponge my way for the next couple of weeks. I therefore went into the saloon. The company and the relatives soon made a poor impression on me; I thought however that the people were not German and didn't know any better. I kept my hand on my purse and then drank a few beers.

* * *

It wasn't long before I became quite sleepy and soon after I must have gone to sleep. When I awoke again, the gaslight was already burning. A fellow with a mug like a gallowsbird stood behind the bar and said: "Greeny, you better get home, it's late for you to be out!" I said nothing, was however of the same opinion and stumbled off home.

When I wanted to find my pocketbook this morning, it was, by gum, gone. I told a policeman of my hard luck, but since I didn't know where I had been robbed, he could do nothing.

Please don't forget and send me the $7.35 at once, otherwise you will never see me again. As soon as there is sleighing I will repay you with a load of wood.

Your expectant friend,

MR. JOE KLOTZKOPP

Community Arts Fes[tival] To Draw on 400 Ta[lents]

By WILLIAM J. COWLS

Approximately 400 Kitchener and Waterloo musicians, singers, dancers and actors will combine their talents in a self-supporting Community Festival of the Arts at the University of Waterloo May 6-21.

Nine local musical and dramatic groups will present programs during the two-week period. They are:

K-W Symphony Orchestra; K-W Philharmonic Choir; K-W Brass Choir; choirs of the Church of the Holy Saviour; K-W Little Theatre; Schneider Male Chorus; Menno Singers; ballet concert group sponsored by Trinity United Church and a festival jazz concert group. Paul Klingman, noted Jewish humorist and entertainer, will also participate.

DRAMA COMPETITION

Six one-act plays in the Ontario collegiate drama finals will be heard on the first two nights of the festival. All performances will take place in the Theatre of the Arts. The opening of the Harold Town exhibition will be held on Sunday afternoon, May 8, at the university gallery.

Paul Berg, director of creative arts at the university, who conceived and organized the festival, is chairman. Honorary chairmen are Mayor Butler of Kitchener, Mayor Paleczny of Waterloo and Dr. J. G. Hagey, president of the university. Other officers are Mrs. Gordon Honsberger, Ben Drew, David Drew, John Jenkins and W. J. Cowls.

Purpose of the festival, a community project, is to provide an opportunity for artistic groups to combine their efforts in developing an increased interest in the creative and performing arts.

It is hoped the festival will be continued as an annual event and that it will be an important part of the centennial celebrations.

ACTOR TO ADJUDICATE

William Needles, well-known actor and a native of Kitchener, will be adjudicator for the drama finals. About 100 high schools have participated in festivals throughout the province and the six schools entered are regional winners. This is the second annual provincial competition.

The exhibit of paintings by Harold Town, one of Canada's most distinguished artists, is being co-sponsored by the K-W Art Gallery and the Gallery of the Theatre of the Arts. Twenty of Mr. Town's famous "enigmas," satirical drawings of contemporary society and 20 single "automatic prints" will be shown.

The Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of conductor Federick Pohl, will present a varied program of symphonic music from their repertoire.

The Philharmonic Choir, directed by Donald Landry, will present a choral concert with Carrol Anne Curry, soprano, of Kitchener as guest artist.

The ballet concert will feature three musical works by Alfred Kunz of Kitchener with the K-W Chamber Orchestra, the Alfred Kunz Chorale and Elaine Weber, contralto. The ballet, which was originally commissioned by Trinity United Church and will receive its first performance at the festival, is based on episodes in the life of Moses.

Gifford Toole, pianist, of Waterloo, and soprano Mary Kuntz of Kitchener, will be guest artists with the K-W Brass Choir. Conductor of the 18 - member group is Walter K. Gallagher.

An evening of sacred choral music will be presented by the junior, intermediate and senior choirs of the Church of the Holy Saviour (Anglican). Frank Daley is choirmaster and Marian Daley organist. Assisting artist will be violinist George Wozniak of Kitchener.

Soloists will be sopranos Elizabeth MacRae and Caroline Roy, contralto Joan Venn, tenor John Schilling and bass Ian Marr.

Two groups will participate in the jazz concert, the John Kostigian Orchestra and a jazz trio, comprising Barry Wills, piano, Peter Rand, guitar, and Dave Drew, bass. The musicians will present a concept of jazz not frequently heard.

This concert and the symphony will be free. These con-

U.S. Unveils Churchill Statue Today

WASHINGTON (CP)—This is Sir Winston Churchill weekend here, a series of tributes to the man who rates as the United States' favorite Briton of any age.

Dean Rusk, secretary of state, unveils today a nine-foot bronze statue of the late statesman-politician — standing symbolically with one foot on U.S. soil and the other within the spacious bounds of the British Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue's embassy row.

Beneath the 13-ton base of Canadian black granite is earth collected from Sir Winston's beloved rose garden at Blenheim Palace, Chartwell, and from the New York home of his mother, Jennie Jerome.

There will be receptions, an overflow state department luncheon, a commemorative even-song service Sunday within the Gothic pile of Washington Cathedral. The English-speaking Union of the United States, the sponsor, also is launching a national drive for the Winston Churchill Memorial Fund dedicated to travelling fellowships and the Churchill College (Cambridge) Scholarships.

Today's ceremony falls on the third anniversary of the honorary citizenship proclaimed by the late President Kennedy for Sir Winston whose "bravery, charity and valor, both in peace and in war, have been a flame of inspiration in freedom's darkest hour."

Just before breaking for the Easter recess Thursday, Congress approved a resolution to make April 9 Sir Winston Churchill Day in the U.S.

Publish Date: 11 Oct 1893

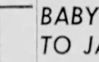
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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH



Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Oktober 11, 1893

Brief von Mr. Joe Klotzkopp

Neischtadt, 2. Oktober 1893

Mister Drucker:

Die $7.35 die Du mir noch Chicago geschickt hoscht, hab ich erhalde und dank ich Dir vorleifig dafor. Bezahle kann ich Dich nau noch net, sell werd awer ah net nedig sei. So lang der Weeze keen Dahler's Buschel isch, brauchscht ken Geld fun mir inschpeckte, except Du nehmscht Briegelholz un sell isch bis jetzt net gehackt.

Uf meiner Rees heemwerts fun Chicago hab ich Heemweh noch der Särah un der Kinner g'hatt. Jedesmohl wann en Fraa in die Train kumme isch hab ich gewinscht, "ach wann's juscht die Särah wär!"

* * *

In Port Huron isch ehne eigeschtiege with 17 Pakete, Sunnescherm, Fähn, Windelsack, Bobbi, Blumeschdrausz un Kanariavogel, uhne dasz ehns dafu in der Dreck gefalle wär. Es hot net lang gedauert, so hots Bobbi ferchterlich zu kreische agefange. Zwee Schtund lang hot die Mutter ihr Schreihals an die Backe gedrickt, uhne dasz es ihr en eenzig Mol eigefalle wer, ihn aus em Fenschter zu schmeisze, oder selwert naus zu tschumpe. Sell heesz ich Geduld.

Jo, so en Fraa kann en Brodpann aus em Offe nehme, uhne sich die Finger zu verbrenne un for 50 Cents mehne kaafe wie en Mann for $2. Uf de annere Seit awer ah in ehm Johr mehne for Bonnets schpende wie en Mann in siwe.

* * *

Um vier Uhr nomiddags sin mir in Neischtadt akumme. Der Tscheck hot mich an der Stesching gemieth un wor arig froh sei Däd widde zu sehne. Sei erschte Frog wor: "Däd, hoscht mir ah ebbes mitgebrunge?" "Gewisz mei Sohn!" hob ich geantwort un ihm en Worschtzippel (net fun selle Sau in Chicago) in die Hand gedrickt. "Esz awer net alles, bring Deine Brider un Schwestere ah ebbes dafu mit heem!"

Es Wetter wor kald genug, dasz die Sunn ihr Flanneljacket het aziehe kenne un bin ich zum Hannes g'fahre, um noch en Poor Heesze uf Die Lamb zu giesze befor mir heem g'fahre sin.

* * *

Der Hannes hot gemehnt, "Joe Du besser gehscht heem, die Särah inschpeckt Dich mit Sehnsucht!"

"Du sagscht net," hab ich gesagt, im Herze awer gedenkt, "Ja wenn sie mich juscht net mit em Bese empfangt!"

Wie mir im mei Hof gfahre sin, isch en feierliches un banges Gefiehl iwer mich gegrawelt. Der Hund hot mich freindlich angebellt, die Katze hen ihr Buckel an meine Knie geriwe, ja, sogar die Sei hen vor Freed gegrunzt un sich im Dreckloch uf die anner Seit gedreht. Ich hab awer geschpiert, dasz der kanadisch Schnaps schtärker isch wie's Chicagoer Bier un wor meiner Sach nimme ganz gewisz.

* * *

Wie ich die Kichedihr ufmach, glotzt mich die Särah ah un ruft: "No, Du Schnapsnas, hoscht sie schun widde?" (Sie hot schur gemeent, ich het die Snakes in der Boots).

Ich hab die Gosch ghalte, mei Carpet Bag ufgemacht, en poor Yord rothe Bendel, en Hoorkamm mit glasige Poddere un en Poor Schlippers (No. 12) rausgeholt un ihr zugerufe: "Kum her mei Ros' von Saron un guck was Dir Dei Joe mitgebrunge hot!"

Sell hot geschafft wie chain lightning, ihr Gesicht hot sich ehme bittersiesze smile verzoge un hot sie noch dene Bresente geschnappt, wie en Gas nach ehme Abbelkrutze.

* * *

Wie sie die scheene Geschenke bewunnert hot, die mich 57 cents cash gekoscht hen, hab ich mei Särah fun die Vogelperschpecktiv aus beguckt. Sie isch nimme so schee wie vor 20 Johr, was sie awer an der Jugend verlore hot, hot sie in Gewicht gewunne un wann sie ah en vielhorige rothe Werz uf der Nas hocke hot die aussieht wie en rothjackige Aff uf ehme Kameel, so gleich ich mei Fraa doch immer noch un sie ah mich, des heeszt, wann ich ihr Bresende heem bring.

Ich bin uf der World's fair zu der Konklusching kumme, dasz ich zu ebbes heherem als ei Bauer gebore bin. Ich sott en Diplomat, Government Officer oder Saluhnkeeper werre, iwerhaupt en Office wo viel Geld eidragt un wo net viel zu schaffe isch.

* * *

Aus dere reason offer ich nau mei Bauerei durch Fendu for Sale. Drucks Land in die "Glock"; die Account brauchscht mir net zu schicke, sell isch net nedig. Der Nande isch der Fendu Krayer, der als der bescht in ganz Bridisch Nord Amerika bekannt isch.

OEFFENTLICHE FENDU

an der Wuhning fum Unterzeichneder in Normanby, die folgende werthvolle Schoof- un Grumbierebauerei. Die Farm enthalt 90 Acker in Fenz un es anner isch noch in der Court, wann awer alles beisamme isch macht's en Lot, so sagt anyhow mei Lawyer. Die Improfementer sin gut wo druf sin. En backschteenig Frameblockhaus, heesz un kalt Wasser, wann mir sich's macht, en Badzuwer im Hof un noch viel annere händige Sache. Die Scheier isch recht gut, wann sie umgebaut werd; en Sauschtall kann mer sich ah baue wann ma will, es isch plenty Platz dafor do; en Springhaus [illegible] gut wie nei un isch keen Gefohr, dasz die Milch versauf[illegible] keen Wasser dort isch. Die Bauerei isch ah gut agebianzt mit Obscht. Zwee Acker mit herschlederne Wildblaume, ¼ Acker gezwergte Himbeere, un Eppel dehts ah gewe, wann Beem doh were. 17 Acker sin draus mit gemixte Grumbiere-Käfer un 4 Acker schwer Holzland. Anner Obscht isch keen's uf der Farm, mit Ausnahme fun ehme Feld mit Winterretttig. 'S Vieh kann in jedem Feld Wasser kriege wann mer's neitragt. Es isch ah en Windpump mit Gäulpauer nächscht am Haus. Mei Nochbare glawe, dasz der Saugeen Valley Riegelweg noch Mount Forest durch mei Bauerei gebaut werd; vielleicht werd dann en Deel fum Land in Baulotte ufgeschnitte. Un noch viel annere Sache zu viel um sie all doh ahzufihre. Die Fendu nemmt um 12 Uhr preiseis ihr Anfang. Wer Lunsch mitbringt, kann ihn um 1 Uhr hinne der Scheier verzehre; for gut Drinkwasser sorgt die Särah un die Kinne. Die Conditions sin liberal. Wer en Ardikel kaft un bezahlt ihn glei, der braucht keen Behl oder Mortgetscht gewe.

MR. JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.
Eigenthimer un Proprietor.
in ehnere Person.

October 11, 1893

Letter from Mr. Joe Klotzkopp

Neustadt, October 2, 1893

Mr. Editor:

I have received the $7.35 which you sent me to Chicago, and for the present I thank you for it. I cannot as yet pay you, and that will also not be necessary. As long as wheat is not $1 per bushel you need not expect any money from me. You of course can take some brushwood, but even that is not yet cut.

On my trip back from Chicago I became homesick for Sarah and the children. Every time a woman came on the train I always wished "O, if it were only Sarah!"

* * *

In Port Huron one got on with 17 pieces of luggage, an umbrella, a fan, a diaper bag, a baby, a bouquet of flowers and a canary without one item falling into the dirt. It wasn't long before the baby began to cry horribly. For two hours she pressed the bawler to her cheek without it ever occuring to her to throw it out of the window, or to jump out herself. That's what I call patience.

Yes, such a woman can take a bread pan out of the oven without burning her fingers and can buy more for 50 cents than a man can for $2. On the other hand she can also spend more in one year for bonnets than a man would spend in seven.

* * *

Around 4 in the afternoon we arrived in Neustadt. My son Jake met me at the station and was quite happy to see his dad. His first question was: "Dad, did you bring something for me?" "Certainly, my son!" I answered and pressed an end piece of smoked sausage into his hand (it was not from that pig in Chicago). "But don't eat it all at once, take a bit home for your brothers and sisters!"

The weather was cold enough for the sun to put on its flannel jacket, so I went up to Jack's Hotel in order to pour a couple of hot ones into my stomach before we drove home.

* * *

Jack said: "Joe, you better go home, Sarah is almost beside herself with yearning to see you!"

"You don't say so," I said, but inwardly I thought: "Yes, if she only does not welcome me with the broomstick!"

When we arrived in my yard, a solemn and fearful feeling laid hold on me. The dog barked in a friendly fashion, the cats rubbed their backs against my knees, yes even the pigs grunted with joy and turned on the other side in their wallows. But I had the sudden feeling that Canadian whisky was stronger than Chicago beer, and was not quite sure of my ground.

* * *

When I opened the kitchen door Sarah glared at me and shouted: "Well, you old sot, have you got them again?" (She surely thought that I had the snakes in my boots).

I kept my trap shut, opened my carpetbag, fetched out a few yards of red ribbon, a hair comb set with glass beads and a pair of slippers (size 12), and called out to her: "Come to me, my rose of Sharon, and see what your Joe has brought you!"

The effect was as quick as chain lightning. Her face contorted into a bittersweet smile and she snapped at the presents like a goose at an apple core.

* * *

As she was admiring the beautiful presents, which cost me 57 cents cash, I took a good bird's eye view of my Sarah. She is no longer as beautiful as she was 20 years ago, but what she has sacrificed in youthful appearance she has made up in weight, and even though she has a particularly hairy wart perched on her nose which resembles a red-jacketed monkey on a camel, I still like my wife and she likes me too, that is, when I bring presents when I come back home.

I came to the conclusion at the World's Fair that I was born to be something higher in the scheme of things than a farmer. I should become a diplomat, a government official or a saloonkeeper, in any case an office which provides a good salary and requires very little work.

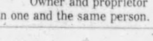
* * *

For that reason I am now offering my farm for sale by public auction. Print it in the Glocke; you don't have to send me the account, that isn't necessary. Fernando is the auctioneer for the sale; he is, as everyone knows, the best one in all of British North America.

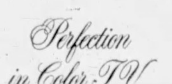
PUBLIC AUCTION

at the residence of the undersigned in Normanby, the following valuable sheep and potato farm. The farm contains 90 acres, the rest is still in litigation. If the whole thing is taken together it amounts to a lot, according to my lawyer. The improvements that are there are good. A brick frame-log house, hot and cold water, if you make it for yourself, a bathtub in the yard and many other handy arrangements. The barn is quite good if it would be rebuilt; a pigsty can also be built if you have the urge to do so. There is plenty of space for it. There is also a springbox as good as new. There is no danger for the milk to be submerged, because there is no water there. The farm has a good orchard. Two acres of buckskin wild plums, one-quarter acre of grafted raspberries, and there would be apples also if there were any apple trees. Seventeen acres are planted in mixed potato bugs and four acres thick woodlot. No other fruit is on the farm, with the exception of a field of winter radishes. The cattle can get water in every field if one carries it in. There is also a windmill with horsepower beside the house. My neighbors believe that the Saugeen Valley Railroad to Mount Forest will be built through my farm; perhaps a part of the land will then be laid out in building lots. And many other items too numerous to mention. The sale will begin sharp at 12 o'clock. Whoever brings lunch can eat it behind the barn at 1 o'clock. Sarah and the children will provide good drinking water. The terms are liberal. Whoever buys an article and pays it immediately does not need to provide bail or arrange a mortgage.

MR. JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.
Owner and proprietor
in one and the same person.







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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

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Die Ontario Glocke.

Neischtadt 10. November, 1893

Mister Drucker!

Aus der Fendu isch nix worre. Es worre wohl en Dehl Leit do, unner denne awer ah der Agent fun der Mortgage-Kumpanie in Toronto. Der hot gemehnt, dasz die Kumpanie ah ebbes mitzuschwetze het wann ich verkaafe wott — un so isch die ganz G'schicht in der Dreck gefalle un hab ich besides noch die Koschte zu bezahle.

Em Nantel hab ich en poor Rothkrautkepp un en junger Jagdhund gewe un wor er do domit zufriede. Mit der Law kann me fun mir doch nix kollekte. Wer des net glabt, soll mich selwert froge. Nau bleibt mir verkammen nix iwrig, als die Bauerei zu verrente.

Wie ich Dir es letscht Mol geschriewe hab, bin ich zu ebbes besseren als en Bauer intended geweeszt; jo, wanns net for des miserawele Schaffe wär un die Government die National Policy so fixe deht, dasz die Keefer em Bauer net weniger wie $2 es Buschel for sei Weeze bezohle derfte, deht ich mir's schun gefalle losse; so lang awer des net happene duht, peif ich uf de edle Ackerbau.

* * *

Ich bin zu der Konklusching kumme, dasz en Government-Office net zu gut for mich wär, un mich exactly suite deht. Do dozu bin ich ah enteitled. Ich hab bei der letscht Eleckching for der Government-Kändidat geschtimmt, uhne dasz ich ehn Sent fun ergens ebber griegt het, hab drei Meetings besucht un Hurreh gekrische, dasz ich zwe Dag ken laut Wort hab schwetze kenne un die Särah schur gemehnt hot ich het die Heaves.

Erscht nochdem ich drei Galle Katzekrautthee gesoffe un en Moschterblaschter so grosz wie en Krumbieresack uf's Kreitz gelegt hab, isch es besser worre. Ah hab ich mich net an den Schtimmplatz fohre losse (weil niemand for mich gekaalt hot) sondern bin zu Fusz gange, um meiner Duty als en freier un independenter Voter nochzukumme.

* * *

Besides hab ich ehns fun dene Kanvassers seim Gaul en ½ Gall Haferschprau un Schtroh gefittert, uhne ebbes dofor zu nemme. Die Kinner hen nochher wohl im Schnee for 50-Sentschticke gsucht, hen awer keene finne kenne.

Zu guter Letscht hab ich mei Nochbor, de Tcheck, zwee Mol hinnenanne triete misse, eb er eigesehne hot, dasz unser Seid die bescht for's Land isch. Wann des net heeszt, sich for sie Kontry zu säkrifeise, will ich nimme Mr. Joe Klotzkopp heesze.

Die politische Drohtzieher in de Nochborschaft welle nix fun meinen Claims for en Office wisse un so hab ich mei Meind ufgemacht, schnurschtracks noch Ottawa zu geh un em Sir John selwert zu sage, wo Battel de Moscht holt.

* * *

Am vorletschte Mittwoch bin ich fun Neischtadt abgefohre un wor am neckschte Morge in Ottawa. Die ehne Seit fun mein Carpetsack hab ich mit Schnee-ebbel, Roschtebbel un Nordern Schpeiks ufgefillt, un die anner Seit mit ehme weisze Hemm, zwee Kerbsepoi un meim Lieblingsfutter, Handkees, ausgeschtopt.

Alle Tschentelleit schtoppe verkammen im Windsor Hotel un do ich mich ah zu dehne kaunte duh, hab ich ah dort ufgeput. Ich sag Dir nau awer, des isch en arig schteilisch Hotel. Es Schmokhaus wo do dozu geheert, isch fiel greeszer wie manche Werthsheiser im Co. Bruce.

Ich hab g'sagt ich het Hunger un wett ebbes zu esse hawe. Do hot mich en Buh im e blohe Rock with Bräsz Buttons am Fliegel gnumme un in en Schtub nei gfihrt die wor anyhow en halwe Acker grosz. 47 Disch hab ich gezehlt mit weisze Dischdicher, Messere, Gawele, Leffel, Deller und Moschtertschtänder, aber zu esse hab ich nix sehne kenne.

* * *

Iwer eweil isch en Kerl im a Salatschtecher kumme un hot mir en gedruckte Adverteisment in die Hand gedrickt wo ausgesehne hot wie en Programm in der Schoh un hot gsagt, ich sott rauspicke was ich zu esse hawe wett. Ich hab ihm gsagt, ich het mei Brill vergesse un er sott mir juscht Krumbire, Sauerkraut un en Schtick Lewerworscht bringe. Un by gum er hots gebrocht.

Do kann ma doch widde emol sehne, wie's Deitschthum sich in der ganze Welt, sogar in Ottawa, Bahn breche duht. Wann ah die Lewerworscht net viel Gewerz ghat hot, so wor doch die Hotelrechning du dofor um so mehne schtarck gepeffert un gsalze.

* * *

Ich hab mei $1 for's Esse bezahlt, mei Carpetsack genumme un hab gfrogt wo der Mr. Thompson wuhnt. Do hen sie mir en grosz Haus gwisse, mit zwee guszeisige Hund an der Schteek. En scheeguckige Fraa hot die Trepp abgewesche un hab ich bei mir gedenkt, doh sieht ma doch widde emol, dasz sich die Weiwer fun der hehere Arischtokratie net schemme, ihre Hauserwert, iwerhaupt awer's Skrubbe, selwert zu duh. Dann wisse sie ah, dasz es recht gemacht isch, for so Leit griege ebmols arig groszardige Besuch.

Ich hab mei Blockhut abgenumme und gsagt: "Good morning Mrs. Thompson! Does Mr. Thompson live in here?"

"You bet your life, he does," sagt sie, "Come right away in quick."

Ich war arig exseided, awer die freindlich Antwort hot mir Kuhrasch gewe un ich bin so zierlich (wie die Hochdeitsche sage) ins Haus nei gedappt, als ob des jede Dag mei Businesz wär.

* * *

Im Gang hen en halb Dutzend Kinner gschpielt. Ich hab glei mei Carpetsack ufgemacht un Ebbel rausgeholt un unner ihne verdeehlt, for ich hab gedenkt, kleene Presente erhalde die Freindschaft, die Ebbel koschte net viel und der ald Mann kann dann glei sehne was for en gutherzige Dropp ich bin.

Ich hab die Kinne dann ah gewisse, wie ma die Schnee-ebbel uf em Kniee kloppe duht, dann mit em Fingernagel die Schaal verdrickt un die Brieh raussuckelt. Des hot ihne awer Schpasz gemacht. Ah en halwe Kerbsepoi un de letscht Handkes hab ich noch raus geholt un ihne gewe.

Ich hab awer glei genotist, dasz im Thompson seiner Haushalding de Handkes ken grosze Roll schpielt. Die Kinner hen erscht ananne ageguckt un sich dann gegeseitig "Shame on you" zugerufe. Des isch so schlimm worre, dasz sie agfange hen, sich zu kloppe.

* * *

Uf emol isch en Diehr ufgange un en Mann isch raus kumme un hot gefrogt, was ich dann eegentlich will. Ich hab ihm g'sagt, ich kum fum Co. Grey un sei willens mich uf em Aldor fun meiner Kuntry zu offere un alles was ich wett sei en Office. Es deht mir nix ausmache was for en Office es sei, so lang ich juscht so gude Bezahlung dafor krieg, dasz ich en poor Clerks aschtelle kennt for die Erwert zu duh, ich wär perfectly gesätisfeid damit, juscht's Geld zu ziehe.

Do hot er awer gelacht, dasz ihm die Thräne die Backe nunne gerollt sin un hot gsagt: "Stranger, ich glaab Du hoscht die letz Sau am Ohr; mei Name isch Jim Thompson un so viel wie ich verschteh kann, guckscht Du for de Sir John Thompson. Der wuhnt weiter drunner, isch awer jetzt net daheem, er träwelt im Land rum."

* * *

Ich musz en verdeihengert dumm Gsicht gemacht hawe un hab gefiehlt als ob mir ehner uf's Dach g'schlage het. Ich hab mich verexcused, mei leerer Carpetsack genumme un bin in der neckscht Saluhn, wo ich en lange Brief an der wohre Thompson geschriwe hab. Antwort hab ich bis jetzt awer noch keene.

Ich denk es isch net nothwendig, Dir noch mitzudehle, dasz

Continued next column

es desmohl ken Presende for die Särah un die Kinner gewe hot.

Wann unsere Taxbezahler all so patriotisch gesinnt were un so viel Interesse in der Polidick nemme dehte wie ich, dann dehte sie bei weitem en greeszere Roll im Poblick-Lewe schpiele. Ah viel fun der Deitsche sin ganz un gor zu bescheide un losse sich zu viel uf em Kopp rum danze.

* * *

Do isch z.B. mei Nochbor, der Michel, der isch in gewisse Points so en schleefriger Dickheider, dem mer ken Ruh losse derf un ihn continually schtuppe un schtuppe musz, eh er emol ufwacht un begreift, um was es sich handelt, grad wie's bei dem schwäbische Buh der Fall wor.

Dem hot sei Mäm morgerts zugerufe: "Hans schtand uff, 's taget, d'Schpatze gurret schaun!"

"Losz sie gurre, Mutter, sie hawe nix zu versäume."

Glei druff kreischt sei Mäm widde: "Hans schtand uff, d'Suppenschüssel stoht auf em Tisch!"

Do isch awer mei Hans mit beede Fisz uf emol aus em Bett geschtumpt un hot geschriee: "Do bin i, liabs Mütterli, wo isch der grausz Löffel?"

Dei Freind
JOE KLOTZKOPP

Neustadt, November 10, 1893

Mister Editor!

Nothing came of the auction sale. A number of people were there, including the agent of the mortgage company in Toronto. He claimed that the company certainly would have something to say if I wanted to sell, consequently the whole business came to naught, and in addition I have to pay the costs involved.

I gave Fernando a couple of heads of red cabbage and a young hunting dog and with that he was satisfied. No one can collect anything by using the law on me. Whoever does not want to believe that need only ask me. Now nothing remains for me to do but to rent the farm.

* * *

As I wrote you the last time, I was intended for something better than a farmer; yes, if it were not for this miserable drudgery and if the government would so arrange the National Policy (Conservative high tariff policy) that the buyers would not be permitted to pay the farmers less than $2 per bushel for their wheat, I would be inclined to put up with it. As long as that does not happen, I do not care a straw for the noble calling of an agriculturist.

I have come to the conclusion that a government job would not be above my station, and would suit me exactly. I also feel that I am entitled to it. I also voted for the government candidate in the last election, without having gotten a red cent from anyone for doing so. I attended three meetings and shouted hurrah so loudly that I couldn't utter an audible word for two days afterwards, so that my wife Sarah concluded that I had the heaves.

* * *

Not until I had guzzled three gallons of catnip tea and put a mustard plaster as big as a potato sack on my back, did it get better. Neither did I permit anyone to drive me to the polling station (because no one called for me), but I went on foot in order to perform my duty as a free and independent voter.

In addition I gave the horse of one of the canvassers a half gallon of oat chaff and straw without taking any recompense for it. The children searched afterwards in the snow for 50-cent pieces, but couldn't find any.

Finally I had to treat Jake, my neighbor, twice to drinks before he agreed that our party was the best one for the country. If that does not mean sacrificing oneself for one's country, then I no longer want to be called Mr. Joe Klotzkopp.

* * *

The political wire-pullers in my neighborhood give no support to my claims for a political job and therefore I have made up my mind to go straight to Ottawa in order personally to tell Sir John (Thompson) what the score is.

Two weeks ago Wednesday I left Neustadt and arrived in Ottawa the next morning. The one side of my carpetbag I had filled with snow apples, russets and northern spies, and I crammed the other side with a white shirt, two pumpkin pies and my favorite food, hand cheese.

The gentry ordinarily take up quarters at the Windsor Hotel, and since I put myself in this class, I also took lodging there. Now let me tell you that that is a stylish hotel. A smokehouse belonging to it is much larger than many hotels in the County of Bruce.

* * *

I told them that I was hungry and wanted something to eat. Then a boy in a blue coat with brass buttons took me in tow and led me into a room which was at least a half acre in size. I counted 47 tables with white tablecloths, knives, forks, spoons, plates and mustard-pots on them, but I couldn't see anything to eat.

After a while a fellow came in a soup-and-fish and pushed a printed advertisement into my hand, which looked like a theatre program; he said I should pick out something that I would like to eat. I told him I had forgotten my spectacles and he should simply bring me potatoes, sauerkraut and a piece of liver sausage, and by gum he brought it.

This is further proof how German customs are gaining ground in the whole world, even in Ottawa. Even if the liver sausage was not well seasoned, my hotel bill made up for it by being well peppered and salted.

* * *

I paid my $1 for the meal, took my carpetbag and inquired where Mr. Thompson lived. They showed me a large house with two cast-iron dogs at the entrance. A good-looking lady was washing the steps and I thought to myself that the wives of the higher aristocracy are not ashamed to do their housework themselves, particularly the scrubbing. Then they know that it is done right, because such people often have quite aristocratic visitors.

I lifted my plug hat and said: "Good morning Mrs. Thompson! Does Mr. Thompson live in here?"

"You bet your life he does," says she, "come right away in quick."

I was greatly excited, but the friendly answer gave me courage, and I stepped so elegantly (as the High Germans say) into the house, as if that were my daily business.

* * *

In the entranceway a half dozen children were playing. I immediately opened my carpetbag and fetched out apples and divided them among the children, for I thought, small presents maintain friendships, the apples cost little, and the old man can immediately see what kind of a good-hearted ninny I am.

I then showed the children how to knock the snow apples on one's knee, then puncture the skin with a fingernail, and then suck out the juice. That gave them a lot of sport. I also pulled out half a pumpkin pie and the last hand cheese and gave it to them.

However, I soon noticed that hand cheese plays no large role in the Thompson household. The children began to look at each other and then began to shout "Shame on you" at each other. That kept up until they began to pound each other.

* * *

Suddenly the door opened and a gentleman came out and asked me what I really wanted. I told him I was from County Grey and was prepared to sacrifice myself on the altar of my country, and all that I wanted was a political job. It didn't matter what kind of a job it was, as long as I got good pay for it, that I could appoint a few clerks to do the work; I should

Continued next column

be perfectly satisfied just to draw the money.

Then he laughed that the tears ran down his cheeks and said: "Stranger, I believe you have got hold of the wrong pig's ear; my name is Jim Thompson, and as far as I can understand, you are looking for Sir John Thompson. He lives farther down the street, but is not at home right now, he is travelling around the country."

* * *

I must have made an infernally stupid face, and I felt as if someone had given me a bash on the top storey. I excused myself, took my empty carpetbag and went into the nearest saloon, where I wrote a long letter to the real Thompson. Up to now I have had no answer.

I don't imagine that it is necessary to inform you that I brought home no presents for Sarah and the children.

If our taxpayers were all as patriotically inclined as I am and took as much interest in politics, then they would play a greater role by far in public life. Indeed, many of the Germans are much too modest and allow themselves to made fools of.

* * *

Take, for example, my neighbor, Mike. He is in many respects such a sleepy pachyderm that one dare not let him have any rest and one must nudge him again and again before he wakes up and realizes what's it's all about, something like the case of the Swabian lad.

The latter's mother called to him every morning: "Hans, get up, it's day, the sparrows are cooing already!"

"Let them coo, mother, they are missing nothing."

Soon after his mother screamed again, "Hans, get up, the soup-basin is standing on the table!"

Then my Hans immediately jumped out of bed with both feet and shouted: "Here I am, dear mummy, where is the big spoon?"

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

Rhodesia Oil Reserv[e]
May Dry Up Before

By RAYMOND PALMER

LONDON (AP) — Rhodesia's breakaway regime is apparently beginning to feel the pinch of the four-month-old British oil embargo.

The white-minority regime's oil reserves face possible exhaustion by the end of the summer, even with stepped-up rationing and increased supplies from South Africa, say some observers.

A one-month supply of oil remains aboard the Greek tanker Ioanna V in the Portuguese Mozambique port of Beira, 189 miles down the pipeline from the Rhodesian refineries at Umtali. Greece has called on Portugal to observe the United Nations resolution barring oil to Rhodesia and the ship's captain has said he will not discharge his 14,000-ton cargo.

A second Greek tanker, Manuela, carrying a further month's supply of oil, is believed to be somewhere on the high seas after being headed off from Beira by the British navy. The South African government refused to allow the ship to discharge its cargo at Durban.

MAY CUT AID

These two tankers were reported to have been intended as the frontrunners in a $3,000,000 scheme under which Rhodesia hoped to break the embargo and ship in 400,000 tons of oil—about 16 months' supply at current consumption rates.

With the plan apparently foiled, Rhodesia now is thrown back on the expensive and uncertain supplies coming north by road and rail from South Africa. British officials, after recent talks with the South Africans, are confident Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's white-minority government soon will begin trimming oil aid to Rhodesia.

7 WEEKS SUPPLY

What seems to worry the South Africans is that if they openly flout the UN resolution on oil for Rhodesia, they could become the target for reprisals, including a possible oil embargo.

Rhodesia's normal consumption of oil before it declared itself independent from Britain last Nov. 11 was around 72,000,000 gallons annually.

When Britain imposed the oil embargo Dec. 17, experts estimated Rhodesia had about seven to eight weeks supply on hand—roughly between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 gallons.

Rhodesia introduced gasoline rationing Dec. 28. The ration was cut by 50 per cent in some cases—on Jan. 4—and again tightened two days later.

The basic ration for private users was set at half a gallon a week for motorcycles and two gallons for autos.

Available evidence indicates that consumption was cut by nearly half, to around 875,000 gallons a week. At that rate, the original stocks would have been exhausted after about 12 weeks—about five weeks ago.

Rhodesia has kept going on oil which apparently comes from two sources—South Africa and Portuguese African territories. British sources believe South Africa is the main source.

Road and rail shipments from South Africa have soared

Telegraph Men Mark Morse Birth

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Men of a vanishing breed will gather today in cities throughout Canada and the United States to communicate as they have done yearly since 1942—by telegraph.

The occasion is the 175th anniversary of the birth of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph.

More than 4,000 members of the Morse Telegraph Club Inc., will get together for luncheons and banquets in 70 U.S. and Canadian cities to observe the event. The 70 chapters will be linked by a telegraph circuit established free of charge by Western Union and Canadian telegraph companies.

When the wires start to hum they will carry messages of greetings from political dignitaries, among them, President Lyndon B. Johnson.

The club's grand chapter, boasting 500 members, is in Los Angeles.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

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Die Ontario Glocke.

November 22, 1893

Neischtadt, 18. Nov. 1893

Mister Zeidingsdrucker!

Ich hab noch ken Antwort fun Ottawa. Was meenscht, wann ich am Sir John en poor fette Gens schicke deht? Sell kennt vielleicht nix schade un deht ihn an sei Dudy remeinde.

Ich bin heit net gut ufgelegt un wann ich en bissel grob werre sott, so muscht mich excuse. Die Särah meent, ich wer letscht Nacht zu lang in der Neuschtadt gehockt un het mei Mage widde verdorwe. Des isch awer net wohr, so dumme Weibsleit schwetze immer iwer Sache de sie nix angehne.

Mir hen iwer Politik gearguet un konsiddered, was for Kändidäts mir for die neckscht Eleckshing raus bringe welle. Du weescht jo, Mr. Drucker, dasz in der Politik juscht en poor uf jeder Seite die Plattforms ufbaue; die annere folge entweder der ehne oder der annere Party, un viel fun denne kimmere sich arig wenig drum, wer recht hot. Wann's net for Männer fun meim Schlag wer, het's bal im Land geschellt.

Ich hab viel Druwel aller weil. Mei elschter Bu, der Meik, werd ganz un gar zo groszfiehlig un batzig, for en Bu, der en Fader mit Schulde uf der Bauerei hot. Fum Schpare will er nix wisse.

* * *

Kerzlich isch er mit ere goldige Watsch heemkumme un of course, wor sie ah net bezahlt. Nau, Mr. Drucker, was for en Bauerebu hot for 30 Johr en goldige Watsch, Kett un Lackkett gedrage? Die Särah un ich worre froh wie mir en Schtuweuhr gehatt hen.

Wann's Mittag wor, hot sie ihre newelhornartige Schtimm los g'losse un hab net juscht ich, sondern die Nochbore in der ganz Concession gewiszt, dasz es Essezeit wor. Fun feine Buggies, silvergemaunted Geilsgescherr, Wippe for en $1.50, Buffalodecke mit roth- un bloozackige Eifassing hen mir nix gewiszt. Wann die Särah un ich ins Schteddel oder in die Versammling gfohre sin, hen mir uf eme Lumberwage gehockt un uns mit eme Bettquilt zugedeckt.

Billige, schtarke Schtiffel hen die alde Settlers sellemols gedrage, schtatt Kneppschuh un Gaiters, wie sie die Buwe heitzudags wehre. Nau bitt ich Dich um alles in der Welt, wie der Meik exschpeckte duht, mit Kneppschuh Mischt zu fohre oder im Busch Holz zu hacke.

* * *

Weisze Hemme, weisze Kallers un Kuffs duht er ah schporte. Do het ich nau nix dagege, wann er sei Schweschter net alsfort schimpfe deht, dasz sie sie ihm net gut genug wesche un biggele duht. Wann der net emol die greescht Schlamb fun ere Fraa griegt, weesz ich net.

Kid Gloves wehrt er, schtatt gute worme heemgeschtrickte Hensching, un wann er sich ah en Dutzend Mol dabei im Winter die Dome verfriert. En goldige Kallerknopp dragt er, schtatt zwee Hosseknepp newig ananne am Halskrage fum Hemm geneht, wie's zu unserer Zeit Schteihl wor.

Fum Heemkumme nachts in Zeit, isch ken Red; er äckt, als ob mir froh sei sotte, wann er iwerhaupt heemkummt. Wann Buwe die halb Nacht draus rumfege, kenne sie am neckschte Dag net schaffe, un's Faulenze kann ich in meiner Familie noch alleenig besorge, do dozu brauch ich bis jetzt noch ken Hilf. Schtatt zu unserer Kerch zu halte, schpärkt er en Medel, wo net zu unserer Denomineshing belangt, no matter wie oft ich ihm schun gesagt hab, dasz gemixte Heirathe keen gud dunne.

* * *

Er isch awer noch jung un wann ich zu ihm schwetz, lacht er schpöttisch un denkt: "Der ald Mann isch en dumme alde Kerl un weesz net besser."

Jo, Mr. Drucker, ich meen awer immer noch, die dumme alde Menner misse uf die gescheide junge Buwe Acht gewe, dasz sie sich's Hern net eirenne. Die Dumme sin die Schperr am Wage, wann die Gescheite mit ihrem Fordschrittswage zu schnell fahre, schperre die Dumme un sell seeft die ganz Lood fum Umschmeisze.

Wann mer heit so schporsam lewe dehte wie for 30 Johr, dehts verdollt wenig Mortgages uf Bauereie gewe. Ah die Kleeder kenne die Buwe nimme schteilisch genug gemacht kriege. Friher hot der Meik als mei alde Kleeder wehre misse, die Zeite hen sich awer verennert. Kerzlich hot er die Frechheit gehat un zu mir gesagt:

"Däd, ich bin nau greeszer wie Du, was meenscht, wann Du nau mei alde Kleeder drage dehtscht? Dodorch kennte mir im Johr ah about $15 schpore."

* * *

Was denkscht Du nau Drucker fun so ehre fratzhansiger Rotznas?

Jo, Mr. Glockemann, so geht's unse alde Kerl! Die junge mehne, die deihere Sache sin immer die beschte, un sell isch in fact doch net wohr. Ich behaubt, dasz die gude Dinger in der Weld immer die billigschte sin, obwohl sie net immer äpprischieted werre.

So zum Beischpiel koscht gud Schpringwasser weniger wie Schnapps; for de Preis fun ehner Box Cigärs kann ma drei Bibele kaafe. Viel Leit schlofe in der Kerch jede Sundag for nix, wann sie awer uf ehnere Pullman-Kär fahre, koscht sie's $2 die Nacht. En Circus-Ticket koscht 50 Cents, die Missionsbox awer isch dankbar for en Kupper. Geilsreeses bring verkammen en $1,000 der erscht Dag bei, wugege en Sundagschul-Pic-Nic nochher fascht immer noch Schulde an Hand hot.

Dein Freind,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

November 22, 1893

Neustadt, November 18, 1893

Mister Editor:

I still have no answer from Ottawa. What would you say to my sending Sir John (Thompson) a couple of fat geese? That could surely do no harm and would remind him of his duty.

I am not in a good mood today and if I should become a bit rough, you will have to excuse me. Sarah says that I sat around too long in Neustadt and had spoiled my stomach again. That is, however, not true, the stupid women always talk about things which are none of their business.

We were actually arguing about politics, and were considering what kind of candidates we should put up for the next election. You know, of course, Mr. Editor, that in politics only a few people on each side construct the platform; the others follow either the one or the other party, and many really care mighty little which one is the right policy. If it were not for men of my type, things would soon be in a pretty mess in this country.

* * *

I am having a lot of trouble just now. My eldest son, Mike, is becoming altogether too overbearing and too cheeky for a fellow who has a father living on a farm burdened with debts. He wants to know nothing about saving.

A short while ago he came home with a gold watch, and of course, it was not paid. Now, Mr. Editor, what farmer's son wore a gold watch, chain and locket 30 years ago? Sarah and I were happy when we had a wall clock.

When it was dinner time, she let her foghorn-like voice go, so that not only I, but the neighbors in the whole concession knew that it was mealtime. Of aristocratic buggies, silver-mounted harness, whips for $1.50, buffalo robes with red and blue embroidery we knew nothing. When Sarah and I went to town or to church, we sat on a lumber wagon and covered ourselves with a bed quilt.

* * *

Cheap, strong shoes were worn at that time by the old settlers instead of button shoes and gaiters such as the boys wear today. Now I ask you in the name of all that is holy, how does Mike expect to haul manure in button shoes or to cut wood in the bush with them.

White shirts, white collars and cuffs he also sports. Now I would have nothing against that if he didn't abuse his sister continually for not washing and ironing his things to his satisfaction. If he doesn't some day get the biggest slattern for a wife I miss my guess.

He wears kid gloves instead of good warm handknitted mitts, even if he freezes his thumbs through that a dozen times a winter. He has a gold collar button instead of two pants buttons sewed together in the collar of his shirt, as was the style in our day.

* * *

About coming home betimes at night he has no idea as if we should be happy if he came home at all. When young fellows carouse around half the night they can't work the next day. I can provide enough loafing all by myself for my family; up to now I have not required any assistance in that department. Instead of sticking with our church, he is sparking a girl who does not belong to our denomination, no matter how often I have already warned him that mixed marriages never turn out well.

Of course he is still young and when I remonstrate with him, he laughs mockingly and thinks: "The old man is a stupid old fellow and doesn't know any better."

* * *

Yes, Mr. Editor, it always seems to me the stupid old men have to take care of the clever young fellows so that they don't bang their brains in. The stupid ones are the brakes on the wagon; when the clever ones drive too rapidly with their wagon of progress, then the stupid ones brake the wagon and that saves the whole load from toppling over.

If people lived as frugally today as they did 30 years ago, there would be darned few mortgages on farms. The boys cannot get stylish enough clothes anymore. Formerly Mike had to wear my cast-off clothes, but the times have changed. A short time ago he had the impertinence to say to me:

"Dad, I am bigger than you now, what do you think about wearing my cast-off clothes now? Through that we could also save about $15 per year."

* * *

Tell me, Mr. Editor, what do you think of such a foppish snotnose?

Yes, Mr. Glockemann, that's how it goes with us old fellows! The young people think the expensive things are always the best ones, and that in fact is not true. I maintain, that the good things in the world are always the cheapest ones, although they are not always appreciated.

Thus, for example, good spring water costs less than whisky; for the price of a box of cigars you can buy three Bibles. Many people sleep every Sunday in church for nothing; if they ride in a Pullman car they pay $2 per night. A circus ticket costs 50 cents; the mission box is thankful for one copper. Horse races yield usually $1,000 the first day; on the other hand a Sunday school picnic usually ends up with a deficit.

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

RULES OF THE ROAD

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

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Die Ontario Glocke.

Dezember 13, 1893

Neischtadt, 2. Dezember 1893

Mister Drucker!

Griegt dei Frah ah alle Johr zweemohl's Hausbutze-Fiewer wie mei Särah? Ich hab mich des Schpotjohr schun gefreet und gedenkt, sie hets vergesse, 's Haus fum Schpeicher bis in de Keller unners ewerscht zu reisze, hab awer die Rechning uhne de Baas gmacht.

Am Mittwoch vor 14 Dag hot sie agfange un isch heit noch net ferdig. Die Helft fum Furnitschur schteht im Keller un die anner Helft im Hof un in der Scheier. Wo mei Schreibdesk isch, weesz ich net un musz ich dir den Brief uf em Backmulddeckel im Holzschopp schreiwe.

Die Hausbutzekrankert isch noch fiel ahschteckiger wie die "Gripp". Wann mei Schwegerin, am Philipp sei Frah, am owere End fun der Koncession afangt am Offerohr zu kleppere, so dauerts ken 24 Schtund, bis alle Weibsleid in de Nochborschaft die Fits hen. Die Särah wickelt sich dann en Handduch um ihr Kopp, zieht de dreckigscht Frack ah denn sie finne kann, schlieszt ihr Schtorzehn, falsche Hoor unsoweider ins Bureau un macht sich so wischt guckig, dasz ma mehne kennt, sie wer en Hex oder en Nachteil.

* * *

Im Frihjohr werd de Schtuweoffe schun im April in die Scheier geschleppt un kummt dann for Dezember net widde ins Haus, no matter ob ma dabei friert, dasz ehm die Zehn de Hals nunne fahre oder net. Schun seit September hocke mir Owerts in de Summekich, juscht weil am Philipp sei Frah's Zeeche for's Hauscleaning noch net gewe ghat hot.

Durch ihrer Unverschtand schmeisze die Weiwer oftmols ihr Menner un Kinner in en frihes Grab, 's helft awer alles nix, gbutzt musz werre un wann's im Haus kalt genug isch um ehme Brass Monkey de Schwanz zu verfriere.

Wann's en Zeit gewe deht, wo's Schwerre for en Mann erlaabt wer, so sott des die Hauscleaning Season sei, iwerhaupt in Connecschun mit em Offeufschtelle.

Mir hen geschtern de Schtuweoffe ins Haus gemooft; die Särah war schur, dasz die Rohr all fitte dehte, wies awer druf un drah kumme isch, hot ken ehns gebaszt.

* * *

Ich hab die Rohr mit em Hammer en bissel eiklobbe welle, schlaag mir dobei awer of die Finge, dasz mir Hehre un Sehne vergangen isch, zudem isch mir dann de Hammer noch uf mei kleene Zehe gfalle, der in Consequenz fun Hihneraage zwee Mohl sei natural size isch, dasz ich en Kriegsdanz in der Schtub ufgfihrt un gebrillt hab, dasz sogor mei Hund un Katze zu heile agfange hen. Ich hab gschwore, dasz ich mich mei Lewesdags net widde am en Offerohr versindig.

Des awer isch noch net's schlimmscht! Ens fun de Kinner hot letscht Nacht ferschterlich zu brille agfange un hot mich die Sarah gweckt um zu gucke was los war. Ich hab net glei an die Hausbutzegschicht gedenkt un wie ich aus em Bett tschump, bin ich in die Milchpann gedappt, dasz die Brieh de Särah ins Gsicht geschpritzt isch. Du kannscht dir denke, wie die gschimpft hot. Uf de Drepp verlier ich ehes fun meiner Schlippers un renn im seme Aageblick ah mit meim linkse Hinnerfusz in en verbrochene Bottel, dasz ich Mordioh gebrillt hab. Weiter bin ich die Schteg net nuf. Uf em Rickweg hab ich uf en Schtick Seef geschteppt, bin ausgrutscht un hab mich in en Kaffeeblettle voll Carpettäcks ghockt.

* * *

O, Mister Drucker, es wor ferchterlich, un alles in Consequenz fun de Hausklienerei! Ich hab mei Huf verbunne und der Blatz, wo die Carpettäcks neigange sin, mit Kanada Balsam verschmiert un mich ins Nescht glegt.

Die Särah isch dann nuf un hot geguckt was de Kinner fehlt, do die ganz Herrlichkeit jetzt gebrillt hot. Der Druwel wor awer ah die Hausbutzerei. Der Tschecki un de Tchanni schlofe zusamme un weil sie Owerts net gewiszt hen, wells Kopp- oder Fuszend fum Bett isch, hot sich der Tchanni verkehrt neigelegt un die Result wor, dasz sich die zwee ananner mit der Zehe in der Aage rumgebohrt hen.

Wann im Frihjohr die Hauscleaning widde los geht, kum ich zu dir en Woch uf Besuch.

Es werd doch allerweil fun nix als fun Prohibition geschwetzt. Mei Nochbor mehnt, wann die Mätschority dafor schtimmt, dann kriege mir sertenly Prohibition. "Jo," hob ich gsagt, "un die Kih fliege neckscht Frihjohr uf die Weed, wann sie Fliegel kriege."

* * *

Ich hab ken Bang for de Temperenzleid, ich ken sie zu gut, sie mehne's net halb so schlimm wie sie kreische un riminder mich immer an de Buh den jemand gfrogt hot, ob sei Fader en Chrischt sei. "Jo," hot er gsagt, "awer er schafft net fiel dra!"

Do neilich wor ich in ehre Temperenz-Meeting, der Lecktscherer hot gor jemmerlich iwer de Schnapps hergzoge un hot gmehnt: "Der Verbrauch fun berauschende Gedrenke in dem Land macht mich schwindlich." Hinner in der Haal wor en Mann, der sei beschtes browirt hot, um sich am Pleschter an der Wand in der Heh zu halde, der hot gekrische, "mich ah!"

Dei Freind,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

December 13, 1893

Neustadt, December 2, 1893.

Mister Editor:

Tell me, does your wife too get housecleaning fever twice a year like my Sarah? I was already overjoyed this fall and the thought crossed my mind that she had forgotten to tear the house upside down from the attic to the cellar, but discovered that I had missed the mark.

Two weeks ago Wednesday she started and she is not yet finished. Half our furniture is in the basement, the other half in the yard and in the barn. I have no idea of the whereabouts of my writing desk and am forced to write you this letter on a kneading-trough cover in the woodshed.

* * *

The housecleaning sickness is even much more contagious than the grippe. When my sister-in-law, Philip's wife, who lives at the upper end of the concession, begins to beat her stovepipes, no 24 hours elapse before all the women in the neighborhood have the fits. Sarah then wraps a hand towel around her head, puts on the filthiest dress she can find, locks up her store teeth and her wig into the bureau, and makes herself so ugly looking you could imagine she were a witch or a horned owl.

In spring the house stoves are dragged to the barn, not to be put back into the house before December, no matter if you have to freeze so that your teeth chatter down your throat or not. Already since September we sit in the summer kitchen, just because Philip's wife has not yet given the signal for housecleaning to begin.

Through their lack of good sense the women often push their husbands and children into an early grave. But there is no remedy for the situation, housecleaning must be done and even if it is cold enough in the house to freeze the tail off a brass monkey.

* * *

If there were a season when a man were allowed to curse, then it ought to be housecleaning time, particularly in connection with the setting-up of stoves.

Yesterday we moved the small stoves back into the house; Sarah was sure that the stovepipes would all fit, but when we really got to it, none fitted.

I wanted to knock the pipes into the right shape with the hammer, but hit myself an awful wallop on my finger, and then dropped the hammer on my little toe, which is double its normal size because of corns, so that I danced a war dance in the room and bawled that even my dog and cats began to yowl. I swore that I would never again in my life lay hands on a stovepipe.

But that was not yet the worst! One of the children began to bawl terribly last night, and Sarah awakened me to see what was up. I didn't think about the housecleaning business, and when I jumped out of bed I stepped into a milk pail so that the water flew in Sarah's face. You may imagine how she raved.

* * *

On the steps I lost one of my slippers and at the same time stepped with my left back foot into a broken bottle, so that I yelled murder. I didn't go further up the steps. On the way back I stepped on a piece of soap, slipped, and came to rest in a saucer of carpet tacks.

Oh, Mister Editor, it was awful and all in consequence of this awful housecleaning business. I bandaged up my hoof and doused the spot where the tacks had penetrated with Canada Balsam, and went to bed.

Sarah then went up and looked what was wrong with the children, since the whole flock was bawling now. Again the trouble stemmed from housecleaning. Jackie and Johnny sleep in one bed, and since they did not know in the evening which was the head or foot end of the bed, Johnny got in in reverse order, with the result that the two bored around in each other's eyes with their toes.

When housecleaning comes next spring I am coming to visit you for a week.

* * *

At this moment everyone is talking about prohibition. My neighbor says that if the majority votes for it we shall certainly get prohibition. "Yes," I said, "and the cows will fly to pasture next spring if they sprout wings!"

I am not afraid of the temperance people, I know them too well for that. They are not half as serious as their shouting indicates, and always remind me of the young fellow, whom someone asked if his father were a Christian. "Yes," he said, "but he doesn't work very hard at it."

Lately I was at a temperance meeting; the lecturer lambasted the use of alcohol horribly and said: "The consumption of alcoholic beverages in this country makes me dizzy." At the rear of the hall there was a man who was trying his level best to keep himself erect by holding on to the plaster on the wall who shouted, "Me too!"

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Januar 3, 1894

Neischtadt, 30. Dezember 1893

Mister Drucker!

Befor ich heit mei Epischtel afang, winsch ich Dir un Deine viele Leser en glickliches Neijohr, gute Gesundheit un en langes Lewe. Des Winsche isch en scheene Fäsching un's Bescht dobei isch, dasz es nix koscht, sunscht deht verdollt wenig gewinscht werre, weil die meenschte Leit sich doch nix beim Winsche denke.

An annere Fäsching isch, dasz ma am Neijohr en nei Blatt rumdreht, des heeszt, ma macht Resoluschens, um besser zu lewe, brecht sie awer schun am neckschte Dag widder. Der Mensch sott immer so lewe, als ob er noch 100 Johr lewe wott un ah die sehm Zeit als wann er morje schun schterwe kennt. Duht er sell, dann gehts ihm net schlecht.

Ich will nau ah en nei Blatt umdrehe, for ich hab's arig nothwendig, wann ich ready sei will for eeniger Dag zu schterwe. Ich will nimme schtolz sei. Ich will for meiner egner Dihr kehre un net iwer annere Leit schwetze un retsche. Leit wo sich immer iwer annere Mensche ihr Bisnesz bekimmere, verlappe ihr egenes.

* * *

Die Särah soll regulär in die Kerch geh un here was der Parre sagt un sich net um die Fäschens fun de annere Weibsleit kimmere. Sell isch Chrischtepflicht! Es isch bei Weibsleit, die groszfiehlig un batzig sin, immer en Sein, dasz es in ihrem Hernschedel net ganz richtig isch.

Ich will de arme Wittwe un Waisekinner helfe uhne dabei zu grummele.

Ich will's Holz wo ich in's Schteddel fohr ehrlich ufpeile un net so, dasz ma en Blockhut durchschmeisze kann.

Ich will in Zukunft die verfrohrene Krumbiere de Sei fittere, schtatt sie dem Drucker uf die Beidung zu bringe. Ich will ken Wasser meh in die Milch duh un ken Farb in die Butter. Die Särah soll ihr Maul halde wann ich schwetz un sich mehner um die Haushalding bekimmere.

* * *

Wann ich saufe un schtehle deht, deht ich mir's abgewehne un Dir dehts ah nix schade, wann Du meim Beischpiehl folge dehtscht.

Es ganz Land isch allerweil iwer die Elektschings ufgeregt. Des isch die Zeit wo ma Dreck schmeisze derf uhne dafor gestroft zu werre. Wer sei Family History wisse will for die letscht 105 Johr, fun der Zeit ah wo der Urgroszvatter Gensherd in Deitschland wor bis zu der jetzig Generation, wo der hoffnungsvolle Nochkumme for en Councilmann laafe will, derf sich juscht for en Office nominate losse un sorge dann sei Opponents schun for die Familie-Geschicht, free of charge.

Hot er jemols en fremd Schtick Vieh iwer Nacht uf seim Blatz gehalte, dann isch er en Schoofdieb. Duht er emol seiner Frah en bissel scharf die Meening sage, dann isch er en Weiwerbriegler. Bleibt er emohl wege Koppweh en Sundag aus der Kerch, dann isch er en Freigeischt. Butschert er un schickt de Nochbore ken Werscht, dann isch er en Geizhals, der net fit isch en enlightened Community in der Council zu represente. Gebt er net jedem Bettler en halwe Dahler, dann hot er net meh Gefiehl im Leib wie en Segblock un isch selfisch gnug, um die Riewe fun ehre Armehaus-Bauerei zu schtehle.

* * *

Gutes sage sie nix fun ihm, for sie wisse, dasz die meenschte Leit viel liewer Schlechtes als Gutes iwer ihre Mitmensche glawe.

Ma hert allerweil fun nix schwetze als wie fun Prohibition. Do kerzlich wor ich widder in ehre Temperenz-Meeting. Der Lektscherer hot alles Elend, Unglick, Verbreche und Schlechdigkeete em Bier un Schnaps in die Schuh geschowe. Es wor en Wunner, dasz er net ah behaabt hot, dasz die niedrige Weezepreise un die Lungeseich unner em Rindvieh uf der Muschterbauerei bei Guelph, em Schnaps sei Schuld isch.

Er hot arig draurige Pickters gemolt fun ehm Fadder der als Owerts besoffe heem kumme isch, sei Fraa un Kinner halb doht gebriegelt un's Bett for Rum verhandelt hot, wie er de Disch, die Stiehl, de Offe un's ganz Furnitschur kurz un klee geschlage hot un sich dann, wie er die Jim-Jams ghat hot, mit em Bettschtrick in der Scheier ufgehengt hot.

Ich zweifel net, dasz es so Fell gewe duht, awer net dorum, un ich bin schur, dasz im ganze Township Normanby im ganze Johr keen 7 Galle Rum gedrunke werre.

* * *

Es gebt awer ken Regel ohne Ausnohm. Ich hab ah en Mann gekennt, wann der nichtern wor, hot er de ganz Dag geschimpft un resoniert, sei Frah hot en Hundslewe bei ihm gehat, sei Kinner sin unners Bett gekrawelt, wann sie ihn hen kumme herre un die Hund un Katze hen en grosze Boge gemacht, um ihm aus em Weg zu geh.

Wann er awer besoffe wor, wor er de liewenswerdigscht, freindlichscht un gutherzigscht Mensch den ma hot finne welle. Ganze Seck voll Bulleis hot er dann for die Kinner heemgebrocht un neie Freck for die Frah un Meed.

Wann schun des der Fall wor, so will ich doch net die Ruhl ufschtelle, dasz alle beese Menner saufe sotte, um freindlich zu ihrer Familie zu sei. Dem Temperenz-letscherer sei Schtory un ah meine sin Ausnahme un net die Regel.

Am neckschte Dag isch der Lektscherer zu der Särah kumme for en Subskribschen for de Prohibitionsfond.

"Das Wohlthun, liebe Frau Klotzkopp, geht über Alles," hot er gsagt, "haben Sie je einem Manne ein Glas kaltes Wasser gegeben?"

* * *

"Sell will ich nau awer mehne," hot die Särah gsagt. "Erscht geschtern hab ich meim liederlicher Mann en ganze Kiwel voll iwer de Kopp geschitt."

Der isch awer aus der Shanty naus geschowe un hab ich sidde nix meh fun ihm gesehne.

Die Särah un ich feiere nau ball de 25jährig Krieg, oder die silwerig Hochzig, wie sie's dozulands heesze. Sie hot mich de anner Dag gefrogt, ob mir net die alt fett Sau butschere un en groszes Fescht zu Ehre fun der Occeschen ufkriege sotte.

Well, Mr. Drucker, ich for mei Dehl schtimm mit dere Resoluschen net iwereens, for ich kann net eisehne, worum die unglicklich un unverninftig Sau leide sott for en Dummheet die ich for 25 Johr begange hab.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZOPP

January 3, 1894

Neustadt, December 30, 1893

Mister Editor!

Before I begin my epistle today, I want to wish you and your many readers a Happy New Year, good health and a long life. Extending good wishes is a nice custom and the best thing about it is that it costs nothing. If it did, mighty few wishes would be extended, since most people are not at all serious about their good wishes.

Another custom is the turning of a new leaf at the beginning of the year, that is, one resolves to live a better life; breaks the resolutions, however, the very next day. A person should live as if he would live another century and at the same time as if he could die the next day. If he does that, everything will turn out well with him.

* * *

I too want to turn a new leaf now, for that is extremely necessary if I want to be ready to die any day. I won't be proud any more. I will mind my own business and not gossip and scold about other people. People who always meddle in other people's business usually neglect their own.

Sarah is to go to church regularly and listen to what the preacher says and not bother about the clothes other women are wearing. That is her Christian duty! It is a sure sign in women who are proud and arrogant that something is amiss in their upper storey.

I will help woor widows and orphans without grumbling. I will pile the wood that I deliver to the city honestly and not leave spaces between the pieces so large that one could throw a plug hat between them.

* * *

I will in future feed the frozen potatoes to the pigs instead of delivering them to the editor in payment of my subscription. I will not dilute the milk I sell with water and will not add color to the butter any more. Sarah is to shut up when I am talking and pay more attention to the household.

If I drank or stole I would give it up, and it would not harm you either if you followed my example.

The whole country is at present excited about the elections. This is the time when one can throw mud without being punished for it. Whoever wants to discover his family history for the last 105 years, from the time when his great-grandfather was a gooseherd in Germany, right up to the present generation, when his hopeful descendant wants to run as a councilman, let him be nominated for an office.

* * *

His opponents will provide the family history free of charge. If he ever kept a strange cattle beast overnight at his place, then he is a sheep stealer. If he just once put his wife in her place, he is a wife-beater. If he stays away from church one Sunday because of a headache, he is a free-thinker. If he butchers a pig and does not send his neighbors some sausage, he is a skin-flint who is not fit to represent an enlightened community in the council. If he doesn't give every panhandler a half-dollar, then he has no more feeling in his body than a sawlog and is selfish enough to steal the turnips from a poorhouse farm.

They will say nothing good about him, for they know that most people prefer to believe evil rather than good about their fellow human beings.

* * *

The people everywhere are talking about nothing but prohibition. Lately I was again in a temperance meeting. The lecturer blamed all misery, unhappiness, crime and evil in the world on beer and whisky. I was amazed that he didn't maintain too that the low wheat prices and the tuberculosis epidemic among the cattle at the model farm in Guelph were ascribable to whisky.

He painted an extremely sad picture of a father who always came home drunk in the evening, beat his wife and children half to death, and traded off his bed for rum. Also how he smashed the tables, the chairs, the stove and the whole furniture to pieces, and then when he had the delirium tremens he hung himself with a bed-rope in the barn.

* * *

I do not doubt that there are such cases, but not around here, and I am sure that in the whole township of Normanby not seven gallons of rum are drunk in a whole year.

There is, however, no rule without an exception. I knew a man who ranted and raved all day when he was sober; his wife led a dog's life with him, his children crawled under the bed when they heard him coming, and the dogs and cats took a long circuitous route to get out of his way.

But when he was drunk, he was the most amiable, the friendliest and kindest human being in the world. He brought big bags of bull-eyes home for his children and new dresses for his wife and girls.

Even if this was the case, I would not set up the dictum that all bad-tempered men should drink, in order to be friendly to their families. The story told by the temperance lecturer as well as mine is an exception and not the rule.

* * *

The next day the lecturer came to Sarah to solicit a subscription for the prohibition fund.

"Charity, dear Mrs. Klotzkopp, is the highest good," he said. "Have you ever given a man a glass of cold water?"

"I certainly have," said Sarah. "Only yesterday I poured a whole pail of water on the head of that miserable husband of mine."

He (the lecturer) beat a hasty retreat out of the shanty and I have not seen hide nor hair of him since.

Sarah and I will soon celebrate our 25 years of war, or our silver wedding, as it is called here. She asked me the other day whether we should not butcher the old fat pig and arrange a big party in honor of the occasion.

Well, Mr. Editor, I for my part do not agree with that suggestion, for I do not comprehend why the unhappy and unthinking pig should suffer for a stupidity which I committed 25 years ago.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Januar 24, 1894

Neischtadt, 16. Januar 1894

Mister Drucker!

Ich hab mir am Neijohr fescht forgnumme, ken Katzejammer meh zu kriege, awer der Weg zur Hell isch mit gute Resoluschuns geblaschert. En merkwerdig Ding awer isch, dasz des der erscht Katzejammer wor, iwer den die Särah net gschimpft hot. Un warum? Weil ich den Hoorbeitel bei der Feier fun unserer silwerige Hochzig kriegt hab.

Jo, Mr. Drucker, mir hen sie geselebreted, die silwrig Hochzig, un en Fescht wor's, wie's der elscht Pionir bis jetzt noch net erlebt hot. Es wor groszardig, fum Besuch und Presente gor net zu schwetze.

* * *

Schun en Woch vorher isch der Särah ihre elschte Schweschter, die Bridget kumme, um beim Backe und Rischde zu helfe. Die isch noch zu hawe, Mr. Drucker! Schad dasz du geheiert bischt, des wer en Weibsmensch for dich. Ich wett druf, wann du die hetscht, werre in 14 Dag net so viel Hoor fun deim Schnurrbart iwrig, wie du jetzt uf deim Kopp hoscht.

Am Morge fum Feschtdag hab ich die Särah fascht net gekennt. Ufgedunnert wor sie wie en Pfingschtochs. Sie hot mich geboszt (es erscht Mol in 13 Johr), for was, weesz ich net, denn es isch mir vorkumme, als ob die Feierlichkeet fun der Occasion, ken arge grosze Impression uf sie gemacht het. Sie hot ihrer neie Frack bewunnert und hot mich gefrogt:

"What is the difference between me and a chicken, Joe?"

"Well, Särah," hab ich gsagt, "ich weesz net, vielleicht so edliche 40 Johr."

"Oh, you hateful thing. That isn't the answer at all. The chicken is killed to dress and I am dressed to kill!" (Au! Au! Anmerkung des Setzers).

* * *

Glei druf sin unser Oelzweige, die Kinner, meen ich, kumme un hen uns mit Sundagsschulversch so schee gratulirt, dasz mir die Drähne die Backe nunne g'rollt sin. Hernoch hen sie uns in die Sitting Room gnumme, um uns die koschtschpielige Bresende zu weise, die unser liewe Freind aus alle Weltgegende zugschickt hen.

Do wor en Krumbeereschtempfer, en Kochleffel un en Wergelholz, mit Silwerbabir drumgwickelt, en doppeldes Herz, das mich un die Särah sinnbildlich dorschtelle soll un drei Mottos mit, "Home sweet Home." Die eenzige werklich silwirge Bresente, worre en Fingerhut und en Hoornodel, wie ma sie in Neischtadt for zwee Schilling Schtick kaaft.

Gege Mittag sin die Gescht kumme. Die worre alle so froh, um uns zu sehne, dasz ma werklich gemehnt hot, es wer ihre Ernscht. Ah der Prediger isch uf en halwe Schtund kumme un hot en Leffel voll Supp mit uns gesse. Sei Gegenward hot awer die ganze Kumbani en Zwang ufglegt un isch uns all en Schtee fum Herze gfalle wie er "Good Bye" gsagt hot.

* * *

Jetzt isch der G'schpasz kumme! Ganze Deller un Schissele voll Grumbeeresalat und Werscht sin ufgedrage worre, fun annere gute Sache gor net zu schwetze. Die Schissele worre all so voll, dasz ken Hund het driwer schpringe kenne. Ah an Neischtädter Bier un gekochte Cider hot's net gfehlt.

Hernoch sin luschdige un annere Lieder gsunge worre. Enner fun den Gescht, en Widmann, hot der Bridget mit verliebter Aage zugeblunke, ihr zugedrunke und gsunge:

Das schwarzbraune Bier, das trink ich so gern.
Die schwarzbraune Mädel, die küsz ich so gern.

Wie des die Bridget mit ihrem Zigeunergsicht ghert hot, hot sie glei's Maul g'schpitzt, awer es isch nix draus worre.

Jetzt isch en annere ufgschtanne, mit eme Maul wie en Scheereschleifer un hot en hochdeitsche Speech ghalte. Der hot geschwetzt, dasz mir all's Maul un die Nas ufgschperrt hen. Hochdeitsch hot der gebabbelt so hoch wie en Kerchtorm un mit Fremdwerter um sich g'schmisse, wie mit Kieselschtee. Wie der ferdig wor, hen die Leit annanne zugwunke, als ob sie sage wotte: "Awer der kann's emol?!"

* * *

Schpäter hab ich ihn gfrogt, warum er dann eegntlich so viel Blech gschwetzt het, aus dem ken Sau gscheit werre kennt, un hot er mir des Ding dann explained.

"Sehen Sie lieber Freund, mit dem Reden halten, wie mit dem Zeitungsschreiben hat es seinen besonderen Haken, sprechen Sie z. B. zu den Leuten in deren heimathlichen Mundart damit Sie ein jeder deutlich verstehen soll, so riskiren Sie, dasz man sich wundert, dasz Sie keine 'höhere Bildung' genossen haben, denn 'der schwätzt ja wie unsereiner' heiszt's dann!

"Spricht aber Einer in schwulstigen Phrasen die er selbst nicht versteht, sowenig wie seine Zuhörer, das ist dann gerade das, was ihn in ihren Augen als einen 'wüthig g'scheidten Kerl' erscheinen läszt.

"Dasselbe läszt sich auch vom 'Schreiben' behaupten. Der Mann, der humoristische Aufsätze verfaszt, und dieselben in einem x-beliebigen Volksdialekt, mit mehr oder weniger attischem Salz vermengt, zum Besten gibt, der riskiert, dasz er von einer gewissen Klasse von Leuten für einen G'schpaszmacher erklärt wird, der sich nur lächerlich macht, weil er sich nach ihrer Meinung nicht über das Niveau des flachen Witzes erheben kann, so beurtheilt nämlich jener klugscheinende Theil der Leute, welche die Körnlein Wahrheit, die dazwischen gestreut sind, nicht zu finden vermögen, weil ihnen überhaupt nur urwüchsige Grobheit verständlich ist.

* * *

Dasz es eine schwierige Aufgabe ist, eine humoristische Rede zu halten oder einen ditto Artikel zu schreiben und dieselben im heimischen Dialekt dem Verständnisz gewisser Leser besser anzupassen, davon haben jene nicht die blasse Idee; je mehr Gallimathias Einer in hochdeutscher Sprache ausheckt und über Dinge spricht, von denen er nicht das Geringste versteht, für desto klüger wird er gehalten."

Wie er mit seiner Erkärung ferdig war, isch mir en Inschliglicht ufgange un ich hab gedenkt. "Joe, do kannscht du dir ah emol der Howel ausblose!"

Wie die Werscht un der Krumbeeresalat verzehrt worre, hot die Bridget die Poi uf de Disch gebrocht. Um der Rand fun de Poi worre die scheenschte Verziehrunge un Ornamentaschings.

"Ei Bridget," hab ich g'sagt, "du bischt jo a Kinschtlerin, wie hoscht du dann die Poi so schee verziehre kenne?"

"Well Schwager, des will ich dir sage, die Impresschuns hab ich mit meiner falsche Zeeh g'macht."

Es wor merikwerdig, was des for en Effekt uf de Besuch g'macht hot, es hot keene me Appedid g'hat un die Poi hen me nochher de Sei g'fittert.

* * *

Noch em Esse hot die Musik agfange zu schpiele, un wie der mit der Klarinet agfange hot de Lauterbacher zu blose, do hab ich die Särah am Fligel gnumme un emol en ordentlicher deitscher Walzer runnergrisse.

Mir worre luschtig un guter Dinge bis about 12 Uhr nachts, als mir uf emol en ferchterlicher Blums uf em Schpeicher ghert hen. Die Särah isch an die Schteeg gange un hot g'rufe: "Was der Deiwel isch dann los?!"

"Oh nix," hot die Bridget geantwort, vielleicht hen ihr mich juscht in der Schlof falle heere, du weescht jo, ich hab so en schweere Schlof." Des wor en Hint for die Leit, dasz sie sich uf de Heemweg macht sotte und sie sin ah gange.

Jo, Mr. Drucker, es wor en scheenes Fescht, awer ich glab doch, dasz ich nau for Heit genug Heu hunne hab.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

January 24, 1894

Neustadt, January 16, 1894.

Mister Editor:

I made a firm resolution at New Year's, not to get a hangover again, but the way to hell is paved with good resolutions. The remarkable thing was that this was the first hangover about which Sarah did not scold. And why? Because I got my drunk during the celebration of our silver wedding anniversary.

Yes, Mister Editor, we celebrated it, our silver anniversary. It was a blowout such as the oldest pioneers had not experienced ever. It was magnificent without mentioning the visitors and the presents.

Already a week beforehand, Sarah's eldest sister, Bridget, came to help with the baking and the preparation. Bridget is still single, Mister Editor! Too bad that you are married, she would be the woman for you. I'd bet if you had her, there wouldn't be as many hair left in two weeks in your moustache as you now have on your head.

* * *

On the morning of the festival day I hardly knew Sarah. She was decked out like the lead ox in the Whitsuntide parade. She kissed me (the first time in 13 years); why, I do not know, for it seemed to me as if the solemnity of the occasion had not made a particularly great impression on her.

She admired her new dress and asked me:

"What is the difference between me and a chicken, Joe?"

"Well, Sarah," I said, "I don't know, I would say approximately 40 years."

"Oh, you hateful thing. That isn't the answer at all. The chicken is killed to dress and I am dressed to kill!" (Ouch! Ouch! note by the typesetter).

Soon after our hopefuls, the children I mean, came and serenaded us so beautifully with Sunday school verses that the tears rolled down my cheeks. Thereupon they led us into the sitting room to show us the expensive presents which our dear friends sent us from all corners of the world.

* * *

There was a potato masher, a cooking spoon and a rolling pin wrapped in silver paper, a double heart which was supposed figurately to represent me and Sarah, and three mottos with "Home sweet Home." The only real silver presents were a thimble and a hair pin which one can buy in Neustadt for a quarter a piece.

Toward noon the guests began to arrive. They were all so happy to see us that you could almost believe that they were serious about it. The preacher came too for a half hour and ate a bit of soup with us. His presence however put a damper on the whole company, and all of us were mightily relieved when he said "Goodbye."

Now the fun began! Big plates and bowls of potato salad and sausages were served up, let alone mentioning the other good things. The bowls were all so heaped up that no dog could have jumped over them. There was also no lack of Neustadt beer and boiled cider.

* * *

After that jolly songs and other ditties were sung. One of the guests, a widower, winked at Bridget with love-filled eyes, drank and sang to her:

The dark-brown beer, I drink with desire,
The dark-brown girls, I kiss with desire.

When Bridget with her gypsy face heard that, she soon puckered up her lips, but nothing came of it.

Now another chap got up with a mouth like a scissor's grinder and made a speech in High German. He blabbered that we were all astonished. High German he babbled as high as a church spire, and threw in foreign words by the bushel. When he was finished the people looked at each other as if they wanted to say: "But that fellow can really talk?!"

Later I asked him why he had actually talked so much humbug out of which not even a pig could make head or tail, and he then explained the thing to me.

* * *

"See here, my dear friend, speech making and journalism both have a common characteristic. If you speak, for example, to the people in their native dialect in order that all of them should understand you clearly, then you take the risk that people wonder if you have enjoyed a higher education, for 'he prattles just like one of us' they say!

"But if he speaks in bombastic phrases which he himself does not understand any better than his listeners, that is exactly what makes him appear in their eyes as a furiously smart fellow.

"The same can be said of writing. The man who writes humorous articles and dishes up the same in any dialect whatever, mingled with more or less classical wisdom, runs the risk of being declared by a certain class of people as a jokester, who wants to appear funny only, because he cannot, according to their opinion, raise himself above the level of shallow wit.

* * *

"At least this is the verdict namely of that seemingly clever segment of the population, which is not capable of finding the little grains of truth which are interspersed, because they are only capable in any case of comprehending rustic coarseness.

"That it is a difficult task to make a humorous speech or to write a humorous article, and to tailor these in the local dialect so that they will be better understood by certain readers, of that those people have no notion at all; the more incomprehensible words one trots out in High German, and talks about things which he doesn't understand at all, the cleverer he is considered to be."

When he was finished with his explanation, a tallow candlelight flickered up in my brain, and I thought to myself: "Joe, here is a chance for you to let yourself go!"

* * *

When the sausages and the potato salad had been consumed, Bridget put the pies on the table. Around the rim of the pies there were the most beautiful adornments and ornamentations.

"Why, Bridget," I said, "You are an artist, how could you ornament the pies so beautifully?"

"Well, brother-in-law, I will tell you! I made those impressions with my store teeth."

It was remarkable what kind of an effect that made on the guests. Their appetites disappeared and the pies we fed afterwards to the pigs.

After dinner the band began to play, and when the fellow with the clarinet began to blow the Lauterbach waltz, I took Sarah by the arm and tore down a real good German waltz.

* * *

We were happy and jolly until about 12 o'clock midnight, when we suddenly heard a terrible bang upstairs. Sarah went to the steps and called up: "What the devil is up?"

"Oh nothing," Bridget answered. "Perhaps you only heard me falling asleep, you know I have such a heavy sleep." That was a hint for the people to get going and they took it.

Yes, Mister Editor, that was a lovely celebration, but I believe that for today I have pitched down enough hay.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP







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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Neischtadt, 17. Nov. 1894

Mister Drucker:

Ich hab Dir heit en traurige Nochricht zu melde: Der Särah ihr Mutter hot letscht Woch Abschied fun dem erdische Jammerdahl g'numme. Wie sie es letscht Mol bei uns wor, hab ich gemehnt, dasz ihr Uhr bal abgelafe wär; ihr Nas isch mit jedem Dag rother worre un sell isch bei alde Weiber en bese Sein.

Uf em Kerchhof in Egremont hen mir sie "in die Erde gebettet," wie die Hochdeitsche sage. Die Leichebredicht wor wunnerschee; ma hot schur gemehnt, die ald Frah wär en leibhaftige Engel gewest. Well, ich sag juscht soviel: wann die Särah in ihre alde Dage halb so bees werd, wie mei selige Schwiegermutter, dann soll sie der Kuckuck hole.

Mir hen of course all geheilt. Bei fiel Leit werd die Lieb for die Verschtorbene juscht noch der amount fum Heile am Grab getschutscht. Ich hab mei beschtes browiert, awer die Drähne hen net kumme welle. Erscht wie der Brediger zu de draurige Hinerbliewene geschwetzt hot und die Rimark gemacht hot "Weinet nicht, es gibt ein Wiedersehen!" isch mirs in die Lewer un Niere gefahre, dasz ich kerzegrad nausgebrillt hab un so laut, dasz die ganz Versammling mitgebrillt hot.

* * *

Die Leit hen nochher gemehnt, dasz sell die schenscht Leichebredigt wor, die sie Dags ihres Lewes noch geheert hette, for noch nimols zuvor hette so viel Mensche uf ehmol im alde Versammlingshaus gebrillt.

Sell isch nau en neise Brediger. Er hot en Ruf an en annere Kongregeschun kriegt, wo sie ihm $50 mehne Lohn un freies Holz geoffert hen. Uf em Heemweeg fun der Leich isch sei Buh en Schtick Wegs mit uns gefahre un do hab ich ihn gefrogt, ob sei Däd selle Call anehme deht.

"You bet!" hot er gesagt, "We're a-goin' away!"

"Du sagscht nau net, wer het's gedenkt!" hab ich g'sagt, "ich hab net gewiszt, dasz die Sach schun gesettelt isch."

"Well," sagt do der Buh, "die Mätter isch die: der Däd hockt noch in seim Schtible und denkt driwer noch, die Mäm awer hot schun alle Kischte un Kaschte gepackt!"

Well, ma sagt als, Kinner und Narre schwetze die Worret un ich bin inkleind sell ah zu glawe. Des gelt awer net allenig fum Brediger seim Buh, for des hab ich ah schun an meine zwetletschte Zwillingspoor ausgefunne.

* * *

Es isch nau merikwerdig, wie gleich sich die zwee Bengel gucke. Ich kann sie juscht am Disch fun ennanne kenne, do es Phillipple viel mehre esse kann wie sei Briderle. Do letscht Sundag Owerts hab ich dene zwee geexpleend, wie gescheid sich die Jugend heitzudags denkt un hab ihne en Exempel aus mein egene Lewe gewe.

"Hehrt jetzt Kinner!" hab ich gesagt, "wie ich 20 Johr ald wor, hab ich alles besser gewiszt wie mei Däd; wie ich 30 Johr wor, hab ich schun ebmols g'frogt: Däd, wie mache mir des un des wohl am beschte? Wie ich 40 Johr ald war, hab ich fascht gor nix meh geduh, uhne de Däd erscht vorher zu froge. Jetzt Phillipple, was kann ma aus dere Lesson lerne?"

Do guckt mich die Rotznas grosz ah un sagt: "Je elder der Mensch werd, desto dimmer werd er ah!"

Do letscht war ich in der Neischtadt in der Apothek um for 5 Cents Schwefel for mei verunglickte Zehe zu hole, iwer den ich Dir es letscht Mol geschriwe hab, un do hot der Doktor mir en Picktscherkalender presented. In dem wor awer sunscht nix zu lese als wie die Zeeche un Symptoms fun alle megliche Krankheete.

* * *

Ich hat noch ken 3 Seite gelese, do war ich ah schun schur, dasz ich am Magekrebs, an der Nierekranket un an der Saufgichtere suffere duh. Es isch mir so en Schreck in der Leib gefahre, dasz ich die alt blind Mär hab eischpanne losse un bin wie der Blitz noch Neistadt gesegelt, um mei Lewe inschure zu losse.

Der Agent wor arig gebliest mich zu sehne (ken Wunne, do die Geschicht mich nochher $23.17 gekoscht hot). Er hot en grosze Boge Babier geholt un die folgende Froge an mich geschtellt:

"Bischt Du en Mann oder an alde Frah?"

"Hoscht Du en Fader oder en Mutter gehat?"

"Wie schwer wiegscht Du, wann Du in guter fighting condition bischt?"

"Hoscht Du Groszvader un Groszmutter gehat? Wenn so, wie viel?"

"An was for en Kranket isch Dei Urgroszvader geschtorwe?"

"Bischt Du schur, dasz er dod isch?"

"Hoscht Du jemols de bloo Huschte gehat?"

"Bischt Du verheiert oder unverheiert oder bischt Du en Bätschler?"

"Hoscht Du jemols Selbschtmord begange? Wenn so, wie oft un wie hot's gefiehlt?"

* * *

Wie all die Queschtions geänsert wore, hot der Agent gesagt, ich kann jezt geh, ich wer verschurt for mei Lewe lang un dehts anyhow en poor Johr lang ah bleiwe.

Mei Herz wor jetzt leichter, wie Du Dir denke kannscht! Nochdem ich beim Hannes noch en Limburger Käs, en Lewerworscht un en poor Seifieszlen gesse un en poor Droppe Bier dazu getrunke g'hat hab, hab ich mich uf der Heemweg gemacht.

Unnerwegs hab ich driwer nochgedenkt, was die Leit emol iwer mich sage werre, wann's heeszt, der ald Joe Klotzkopp hot de Bucket gekickt. Ich hab mich im Geischt im Hannes sei Bärschtub versetzt und hab gemehnt ich hehr die Stammgescht iwer mei Dod schwetze. Ich hab de Säm in die Schtub sehne kumme un hab gemehnt ich hehr ihn kreische:

"Hennt Ihr schun gehert! de ald Klotzkopp hot ah de Deiwel geholt?"

Die Gescht: "W-a-a-s?"

* * *

"Säm: "Jo er isch mausdod; sie hen ihn heit morge hinner de Scheier im Fenzeck gefunne. Sei krumm Hinnerbee hot noch en wenig gezuckt, awer sell wor awer aach all!"

Tschan: "Das Schprichwort, 'Unkraut vergeht nicht,' isch bei dere Schnapsnas ah zu Schande worre, der Kerl isch mir noch 37 Cents schuldig!"

Tscheck: "Die Särah werd sich awer freie; ich glab wohrhaftig, die alte Schachtel deht noch emol heiere, wann sie die Tschänz het!"

Kunrad: "Ken Wunner, for en greeszere Haustyrann hot die Welt noch niemols gesehne, wie der Joe ehner wor."

Fritz: "Well, so fiel kann ich sage, ich hab ihn die letschte 25 Johr net nichtern gesehne."

* * *

So, Mister Drucker, hot ehner um de anner iwer mich geschimpft. Die Drähne sin mir bei dem Gedanke die Backe nunnegeloffe. Ich hab bei mir gedenkt, was werd wohl de "Glockemann" iwer dich noch deim Dod zu sage hawe un im Geischt hab ich dann die folgende Todesanzeig in em schwarze Kranz gesehne:

NACHRUF

"Unter der Sense des groszen Schnitters Tod hat der geachtete Mitbürger Mr. Klotzkopp, allzu früh sein Leben gelassen. Ein schwerer Schlag für die Seinigen, ein herber Verlust für Alle, die mit dem Verblichenen im Leben in Berührung getreten. Sein Wohlthätigkeitssinn diene anderen zum Beispiele die reichlicher mit irdischen Gütern gesegnet sind als unser Freund Joe, der, was er erworben, im Schweisze seines Angesichts sich verdient hat. Seiner Gattin war er ein liebender Geleiter, seinen Kindern ein fürsorglicher Vater, die durch seinen Tod alles verloren haben, was ihnen lieb und theuer

Continued next column

war. Den Hinterbliebenen drücken wir unser Beileid aus. Die Beerdigung findet morgen Nachmittag um 2 Uhr vom Trauerhaus und später von der Kirche aus statt."

Wie ich des im Geischt gesehne hab, isch mir's en bissel besser worre. Wann ich juscht den verderbte Limburger Käs net im Mage gehat het. Do isch mir eigefalle, dasz es Alder kummt, un es net meh lang dauere werd, bis ma gor nix meh verdrage kann un dann hot's geschellt un zuletscht gehts ehm noch wie dem Scharfrichter, der mit eme Kandidat bei eme ferchterliche Rege ennaus gefohre isch um ihn zu henke.

Wie der, nämlich de Kandidat, cumpläned hot, es wer e Schand bei so eme Wetter en so unangenehme Fohrt mache zu misse, hat der Scharfrichter gesagt:

"Sei nun schtill, Du bleibscht wenigschtens drausze, awer ich musz bei dem Rege widder herrei in die Stadt."

Dei Freind,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

Neustadt, 17 Nov., 1894

Mister Editor!

Today I have to report some very sad news: Last week Sarah's mother took leave of this earthly vale of tears. When she was at our house the last time, I had the feeling that her clock had almost run down; her nose had been getting redder day by day and in old women that is a bad sign.

In the cemetery at Egremont we "laid her to rest in the earth" as the High Germans say. The funeral oration was simply beautiful; one could have believed the old woman had been an angel incarnate. Well, I have only one thing to add: if Sarah becomes half as cranky in her old age as my departed mother-in-law, then let the deuce take her!

* * *

Of course we all wept. Many people judge the affection for the departed one by the amount of weeping at the grave. I tried my best, but the tears did not want to come. Not until the preacher addressed himself to the sorrowing survivors and said the following, "Do not weep, there will be a meeting again!" did such a feeling hit my innards that I wept unrestainedly and so loudly that the whole congregation wept along with me.

The people said afterwards that it was the nicest funeral service that they had ever heard, for never before had so many people cried at once in the old meeting-house.

That preacher is certainly a nice one. He has gotten a call from another congregation, where they have offered him an increase of $50 in wages and free wood. On the way home from the funeral his young son drove a piece with us, and I then asked him if his dad would accept that call.

* * *

"You bet," he said, "We're a-going away."

"You don't say so, who would have thought it!" I said, "I didn't know that the matter was already settled."

"Well," said the young fellow then, "the thing is this: My dad is still sitting in his study, thinking about it, but mom has already packed up all the chests and boxes."

Well, they say that children and fools speak the truth and I am inclined to believe that. That holds true not only for the preacher's youngster, but I have already experienced it in my second-last pair of twins.

Now it is remarkable how alike these two look. I can only tell them apart at the table, since little Phillip can eat much more than his little brother. Last Sunday evening I explained to the two how clever the young people imagine themselves to be nowadays, and I gave them an example from my own life.

* * *

"Listen, children," I said, "when I was 20 years old, I knew everything better than my dad; when I was 30 I asked him now and then: dad, how do we do this or that best? When I was 40 years old I hardly did anything at all any more without first asking dad. Now, little Phillip, what can one learn from this lesson?"

The little snot-nose looked at me with big eyes and said: "The older one gets, the stupider one becomes."

A short while ago I was in Neustadt in the drugstore to get five cents worth of sulphur for my injured toe about which I wrote you last time. While there, the doctor presented me with an illustrated calendar. In it there was nothing else to read except about signs and symptoms of all types of illnesses.

* * *

I hadn't read three pages before I was sure that I was suffering from stomach cancer, kidney disease and gout induced by over-indulgence in alcohol. I got such a fright that I hitched up my old blind mare and sailed like lightning through Neustadt in order to take out life insurance.

The agent was greatly pleased to see me (and no wonder, since the business later cost me $23.17). He fetched a large piece of paper and put the following questions to me:

"Are you a man or an old woman?"

"Did you have a father and a mother?"

"How much do you weigh when you are in fighting condition?"

"Did you have a grandfather and a grandmother? If yes, how many?"

"Of what kind of illness did your grandfather die?"

"Are you sure that he is dead?"

"Did you ever have the whooping cough?"

"Are you married or unmarried or are you a bachelor?"

"Have you ever committed suicide? If yes, how often and how did it feel?"

* * *

When all the questions had been answered, the agent said I could go now, and that I was insured for my life and would in any case remain insured for a couple of years.

You may imagine what a load off my mind this was. After I had consumed a limburger cheese, a liver sausage and a couple of pig's feet at Jack's Place, and had drunk a few drops of beer also, I set out for home.

On the way I mused over what the people would say some day when the news came that old Joe Klotzkopp had kicked the bucket. In spirit I transported myself into Jack's barroom and thought that I heard the regular frequenters talking about my demise. I saw Sam coming into the room and thought I heard him shout:

"Have you heard? The devil has fetched old Klotzkopp."

The guests: "W-h-a-t-?"

* * *

Sam: "Yes, he is as dead as a doornail; they found him this morning behind the barn in a corner of the fence. His crooked hind leg still twitched a bit, but that was all!"

John: "The proverb — bad weeds don't die — also came to dishonor through this whisky nose, the fellow still owes me 37 cents."

Jake: "Sarah will certainly be happy: I really believe the old frump would marry again, if she had the chance!"

Conrad: "No wonder, for the world has never seen a greater house-tyrant than Joe."

Fritz: "Well, I can say this much, I haven't seen him sober in the last 25 years."

* * *

In this manner, Mister Editor, one after the other poured contempt on me. The tears ran down my cheeks at the thought of it. I thought to myself, what would the Glockemann (editor of the Glocke) say about you at your death, and in my mind I then saw the following obituary notice enclosed in a black wreath:

IN MEMORIAM

"Under the scythe of the great reaper death, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Klotzkopp, has much too early laid off this

Continued next column

mortal coil. A heavy blow indeed for his beloved ones, a severe loss for all who had any dealings with the departed one during his life. May his charitable disposition serve others as an example who are more richly endowed with earthly goods than our friend Joe, who earned everything he possessed by the sweat of his brow. To his wife he was a loving partner, to his children a generous father, who have through his death lost everything which they held dear. We express our sincere sympathy to the survivors. The funeral service will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from his late residence and later from the church."

When I saw that in my imagination, I began to feel a bit better. If only I had not had that limburger cheese in my stomach. Then it occurred to me that old age is coming on, and it won't be long when one can't digest anything any more and then the time when the bell will toll will be at hand, and one will be in the position of the hangman, who drove out with a candidate in a fearful rain in order to hang him.

When the latter, that is, the candidate, complained that it was a shame to take such an unpleasant trip in such bad weather, the hangman said:

"Please be quiet, you will at least stay out there, but I have to come back to the city in the downpour."

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

WEEKLY PRESS

Well, It's Back to the

With the first good break in the weather and temperatures in the high 70s favoring Victoria Day holidayers at the weekend, the first heavy flow of traffic moved through Paisley northward to the lakeshore resorts.

Throughout the winter, the condition of the Elora Road north of Paisley, torn up in preparation for paving next fall, has been remarkably good. But with a renewal of work and considerable wet weather, the situation deteriorated, and within the past few days cars were getting stuck in the mire at one point on the road between Paisley and Dunblane, and proceeding cautiously over almost the entire stretch.

By the weekend, motorists travelling this section of highway were being detoured around the stretch from the 12th of Elderslie to Dunblane. The informed drivers destined for Port Elgin and Southampton were travelling across country from the Elora Road to Highway 21 via the 4th of Saugeen. —*Paisley Advocate*

* * *

Lloyd Marklevitz, whom we mentioned the other week as having left his car on the street, with the keys in the ignition, only to have a woman come along and drive away in it, says it ain't so. He was possibly afraid that his uncle, the magistrate for Bruce County, would deal rather harshly with him if he appeared on a charge of leaving the keys in the car. Lloyd's story is that the lady got a set of keys for a Chev from the garageman where she left their car for repairs, came down street looking for the blue Chev that he had left her, tried the key, found it fitted, and drove away. It was not until later that she learned she had the right key but the wrong car. We make this explanation because with warmer weather, we would hate to see Lloyd sweltering in jail for seven days.

—*Chesley Enterprise*

* * *

A former New Hamburg resident, John Fagge, now of Moncton, N.B., recently was honored for his 51 years of service with the Canadian National Railways. A native of Plumstead, England, Mr Fagge began working in 1915 as a rivet heater at the Stratford shops. At that time his pay was eight cents an hour for a 10-hour day. Mr. Fagge and his brother, Tom, who retired recently at Stratford, have a combined total of 100 years of service with the CNR. Mr. Fagge, whose present position is machinist, intends to retire in November of this year. Mr. Fagge and his wife, the former Florence Rubin, moved from New Hamburg to Moncton about two years ago.

—*New Hamburg Independent*

* * *

The strip of weeds and long grass between the line fence and road on upper William Street was plowed up and removed on Tuesday afternoon by Art Chesney, corporation employee. Hurrah!

Efforts have been made for many years, without success, to have this eyesore removed. The fact that it has now been taken away is one more step

Guillotine Display Studied by Island

ST. PIERRE, St. Pierre-Miquelon (CP)—A guillotine said by some to be the one that beheaded Marie Antoinette may be put on display here as a tourist attraction.

But if it is placed on exhibition, it won't be for some time. And some people in this French community off the south coast of Newfoundland don't think it should be shown at all.

Their feeling is that it would be in poor taste to exhibit a device that remains the official instrument of capital punishment in France.

The guillotine in question used to lie in a loft over an administration building near St. Pierre's main square. Anyone could see it by walking up three flights of stairs and not telling where he was going.

The uprights that held the blade lay on the floor and the weighted knife was in an old chest. The basket that received the severed head hung on a wall and other parts were haphazardly strewn about.

Then, after businessmen began inquiring about the possibility of the guillotine being put on display as a tourist attraction, the device was moved. For a while no one would say where it was.

After almost a year out of sight, a reporter found it in an attic of a government building.

Edmond Fontaine, curator of the museum here, said the main reason it is not exhibited is lack of space. Fontaine added that the present museum is too small but that a more spacious locale is anticipated within a couple of years.

The guillotine was shipped to St. Pierre from Martinique, the nearest French colony, early this century to dispatch a fisherman who had stabbed another to death in a drunken fight.

Martinique had earlier borrowed the guillotine from France and one story is that the mother country sent the device that had been used to behead Marie Antoinette Oct. 16, 1793, during the French Revolution.

The guillotine was assembled in a prominent place in St. Pierre and, after some difficulty, authorities prevailed on a prisoner in the local jail to perform the execution in return for cancellation of his debts.

Either because of his inexperience or because the guillotine was improperly assembled, he botched the job and had to finish the job with a fish knife.

The guillotine was never used again and the executioner later left the island for France because no one would speak to him.

Seize Marijuana

KINGSTON, Jamaica (Reuters)—Police Friday seized and destroyed more than 1,500,000 marijuana plants valued at £300,000 ($900,000).

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Neischtadt, 8. Dez. 1894

Mister Drucker!

Nix wie Aerger un Druwel hot me uf dere Welt, espeschälly wann ma Med deheem hocke hot, die an nix als an de Schtaad un ans Heiere denke.

Do isch mei Mary, sie werd am Chrischdag 23 Johr ald, die isch sidde 3 oder 4 Woche love-sick. Sie kreckst un seifzt de lieb lang Dag, dasz ma ebmols glawe kennt, sie deht an de Krenk oder an de "Heaves" suffere.

* * *

Sunnebor was for en Verennering die Med schtreike duht, wann sie emol en Kerl hen. Wann sie den inschpeckte, do werd die Sitting Room un die Kich gfegt un gebutzt, dasz ma mehnt, es sott en Kinsdaaf oder en Leich abgehalte werre, no mätter, obs Haus vorher 6 Munat long wie en Hinkelschtall ausgesehne hot. Sogor de kleenere Geschwischter werd en sauwere Kittel iwer die dreckige Unnekleeder agezoge un ihre Hoor mit Schmalz eigesalbt un schee geschtrehlt.

Ei, die Mary, was mei Medel isch, hot mir letschhi en babierige Krage fun Neischtadt mitgebrunge, for am Sundag ahzuziehe, wann ihr Boh kummt. Denk Dir emol, so en Eifall! Sidde meim Hochzigsdag hab ich ken Kaller aghat un soll jetzt, in meine alde Dage, so en Ding um de Hals wickele, juscht um de Mary ihr Kerl zu bliese!

"Nee Mary," hab ich gedenkt, "sell kannscht Du net inschpeckte!" Die Särah kumplend immer noch, un do ma net weesz, was bassiere kann, hab ich den Kaller in die Birohschublad gelegt un hab gedenkt, ma musz ah an de Kallers in de Zeit schpore, dann hot ma sie in der Noth.

* * *

Ich hab nix dagege, wann die Med Bekanntschaft mit ehme junge Mann hen. Des isch bei dene grad so nadirlich wies esse un drinke. Mei Experienz isch, dasz no mätter ob die Eltern wie Hund un Katze mitenanner lewe, so nemme sich die Kinner doch ken Exämpel dran.

Die Med denke vor de Hochzig, ich un mei Mann lewe emol wie die Durdeldauwe zusamme, um nochher oftmols auszufinne dasz de Eltern ihr Ehelewe der Himmel wor in Kompärison zu der Hell in ihrem eegne Haus. Wann en fleisziges Weibsmensch en braver Mannskerl heiert, dann isch alles allright, un wann sie arm wie die Kerchemeis sin. Wie viel junge Leit awer schpare heitzudags?

Mei Erfohring isch, dasz viel Mitter die Schuld hen, dasz ihre Dechtere so schlechte Mätsches mache. Kummt en braver un reschpecktawler junger Kerl un will love zu der Dochter mache, so ziegt die Mäm glei die Nas in die Heh un sagt:

* * *

"Was will der Hungerleider? Der hot jo net genug, um en Hund hinne am Offe rauszulocke, so en Baurebengel derf mei Medel net heiere, die musz en Schtadtkerl hawe, wo sie nix zu schaffe braucht."

Kummt dann so en geschmirgelter, geschtrichelter, bocksbeenige Schtadtkerl agewackelt, bei dem ma glei kotze kennt wann ma ihn fun weitem kumme seht, dann isch de Deixel bei de Weibsleit los, no mätter ob er schun alle Schlechtigkette gedriwe un ken rother Cent im Sack hot. Es isch nau kurios, dasz die menschte Weibsleid so en Aff ehme rechtschaffene fleiszige junge Mann preferre.

So en ufgeblosener Hansworscht kann mache un dreiwe was er will, so werd er doch immer fun de Weibsleit defended. Macht awer emol en Medel en kleener Mistek, so fahre sie iwer die arm Kreadur her, wie die Hund iwer en Brodworscht. Heiert awer en Medel so en Mondkalb, do dauerts net lang, bis die Herrlichkeit am End isch. Dann awer isch es zu schpet un bleibt ihne wieder nix iwrig, als die Supp, die sie sich eigebrockt hen, ah auszufresse.

* * *

Do letscht Samsdag hab ich gemerkt, dasz die Mary ihren Kerl am Sundag aus Clifford inschpeckte duht. Sie hot de Kicheoffe gebläckt un sunscht noch Erwed gemacht, die sie net gern duht. Sie wor so dreckig, dasz wann ma sie gege die Wand geschmisse het, sie dran henke gebliewe wär.

Am Sundag Nochmidag awer war sie ufgedonnert wie en Pingschtochs. Es ganz Haus hot noch Perfum geschtunke, so dasz ich die Diehr un Fenschtere hab ufmache misse.

So gege 7 Uhr isch des Schtorkipperle agefahre kumme. Die Särah hot gemehnt, des isch doch en neise junge Mann, ich glab er hot de schenscht Schnorbard im Township, er isch doch ken so iwerzwerge Rilps wie der Isaac Blughändel, der net genug weeszs, de Hut ab zu nehme, wann er ins Haus kummt.

* * *

Jetzt hot's geklobt, un wie die Diehr ufgange isch, hot die ganz Familie gekrische: "Hau tschu duh, Mr. Strapcutter?" (Sei Fadder hot Riemerschneider geheesze, awer de jung Bengel will nimme dutsch sei).

"Oh I was pruddy well, thank you!" hot er gesagt.

"Isch dot so!" hot dann die Mary un die annere Med zusamme gebrillt.

Grad so dumm wie er ausguckt isch er grad net. Er hot mir en Block Tschaduwack un de Kinne Bulleis gewe. Die Särah hot er noch em Breis fum Butter un de Aier gefrogt un mich dann am Fligel genumme un in de Sitting Room gepullt. Die annere Kinne sin uf de Schpeicher.

Härly ware die Zwee allenig, do hot ma sie schun schmatze here, es hat gelaut als ob en Kuh ihre Hinnefusz aus ehme Schwammloch ziegt. Ich hab parpes emol naus welle, um dem Ding en End zu mache. Die Särah awer hot gesagt: "Schemm Dich Tscho, Du worscht ken Laus besser, wie Du mich geschpergscht hoscht." (Des isch en verdollte Lig, Mister Drucker!"

* * *

Um en Uhre ½ 10 bin ich in die Kich, hab die Uhr ufgezoge un en poor Mal gegähnt. Die Labbes hot awer de Hint net genumme, er isch hocke gebliwe, als ob die ganz Sach ihn nix ageh deht.

Um 10 Uhr hot mei Blut gekocht wie en Worschtkessel, ich bin in die Kich un hab gesagt: "Mary duh die Katz naus, es isch Zeit for ins Bett zu geh!" Sie hot ken Nodis fun mir genumme un isch efach bei dem dinne Hering hocke gebliewe.

Jetzt awer bin ich fuchsdeiwelswild worre un hab den Ellereider efach am Wickel genumme un zum Loch nausgeschmisse. Grad hab ich ihm noch en Kick an den Dehl fum Kerper gewe welle, wo's Rickgrod ufhert sei ehrliche Nome zu verliere, als ah ich zu de Diehr nausgefloge bin. Die Särah hot mir en Pusch gewe gehat, dasz ich mit em Hernschedel gege's Hundshaus gefahre bin, un mir Here un Sehe vergange isch.

* * *

Wie ich mich widde enigermosze erholt ghat hab, hab ich die Situasching in Considerasching genumme un bin zu der Conclusching kumme, dasz ich net fors bescht $5 Bill ins Haus geh deht. Ich bin in de Stall gekrawelt, hab mich ufs Schtroh gelegt, mit ehme Geilsdeppich zugedeckt un hab geschlofe wie en unschuldig Kind.

Am neckschte Morge isch ens fun de Med zum Melke in der Schtall kumme. Ich hab sie iwer die politische Sachlag im Haus gefrogt un do hot sie mir g'sagt, dasz die Mary en arge Schack kriegt het, un an nervous prostration suffere deht. Ich hab sie dann ins Haus geschickt, um ihre Mäm, de Särah, zu sage, sie sott Katzekraut un Fischeel sechs Schtund lang in Schmierseef koche und de Mary domit Iwerschleg uf's Herz mache, des wer es bescht Ding for lieweskranke Gens.

Ich hab mich bis jetzt noch net gedraut ins Schänty zu geh un mei heidige Korreschpondenz hab ich uff em Fuddedrog im Schtall geschriewe.

Dei Freund,
JOE KLOTZKOPP.

Neustadt, Dec. 8, 1894

Mister Editor:

You have nothing but vexation and trouble in this world, especially if you have girls sitting at home who have their minds set only on style and marriage.

There is my Mary who will be 23 years old at Christmas. She has been lovesick for the last three or four weeks. She croaks and sighs all day long so that you might think she is suffering from a bout of bad health or the heaves.

Strange what a transformation takes place when they get hold of a fellow. When they are expecting him they scrub and polish the sitting room, so that you might think they are preparing for a christening or a funeral, no matter if the house for six months previously looked like a chicken coop. Even the younger brothers and sisters get a clean jacket put over their dirty undergarments, and have hair oil put on their heads and are nicely combed.

* * *

Indeed, Mary, my daughter, lately brought me a celluloid collar from Neustadt to wear on Sunday when her beau was coming. Just imagine, such an idea! Since my wedding day I haven't worn a collar, and now, in my old days, I am to wind such a thing around my neck only to please Mary's fellow!

"No, Mary," I thought to myself, "you can't expect that!" Since Sarah is still complaining, and since you can't tell what can happen, I put the collar in the bureau drawer with the thought that you must save collars in time so that you have them when the need arises.

I am not opposed to my girls being acquainted with a young man. That is as natural to them as eating and drinking. My experience shows that no matter whether the parents live together like dog and cat, the children learn nothing from the horrible example.

* * *

The girls think something like this before the wedding: I and my husband will someday live like the turtledoves together. They discover afterwards that the married bliss of their parents was heaven in comparison to the hell in their own household. When a hard-working girl marries an honest fellow, then everything is all right, even if they are as poor as church mice. But how many young people save nowadays?

My experience is that many mothers are to blame that their daughters make such poor matches. If an honest and respectable fellow comes and wants to make love to her daughter, then the mother soon sticks her nose haughtily into the air and says:

"What does that poor wretch want? Why he hasn't enough to entice a dog from behind the stove; my daughter must not marry such a country bumpkin, she must get a fellow from the city where she doesn't have to work."

* * *

If then such a polished-up, well-kempt, bow-legged city fellow comes strutting up, so that you could vomit already when you see him at a distance, then the devil is at large among the womenfolk, no matter if he has already engaged in every kind of underhand affairs and hasn't got one red cent to rub against another. It is indeed odd how most women prefer such an ape to an honest, hardworking young man.

Such an inflated buffoon can do and carry on as he wishes, the women defend him. But if a girl ever makes a little mistake they will assail the poor creature like dogs attacking a fried sausage. But if a girl marries such an nincompoop then it won't be long before the glorious time is over. But then it is too late and all that remains is to eat the soup that they have cooked for themselves.

* * *

Last Saturday I noticed that Mary was expecting her fellow from Clifford Sunday. She blacked the kitchen stove and did several other jobs that she does not relish. She was so dirty that if you had thrown her against the wall, she would have clung to it.

On Sunday afternoon, however, she was dolled up like a lead ox in the Whitsuntide parade. The whole house smelled like perfume, so that I had to open the doors and windows.

Around 7 o'clock the little store-clipper drove up. Sarah said that that was a nice young man, that he had the most beautiful moustache in the township, and that he was not an obstinate hick like Isaac Ploughhandle, who does not have enough manners to take off his hat, when he comes into the house.

* * *

Now there was a knock and when the door opened, the whole family shouted: "How do you do, Mr. Strapcutter?" (His father's name was Riemerschneider, but the young good-for-nothing doesn't want to be German anymore).

"Oh, I was pretty well, thank you!" he said.

"Is that so!" Mary and the other girls then chorused together.

The fellow is really not as stupid as he looks. He gave me a plug of chewing tobacco and the children a package of bull-eyes. Sarah inquired about the price of butter and eggs, and then took me by the arm and pulled me out of the sitting room. The other children went upstairs.

The two were hardly alone when you already heard them smacking; it sounded as if a cow was pulling her hind foot out of a swamp hole. I deliberately wanted to go out once to make an end to the business. But Sarah said: "Shame on you, Joe, you weren't a hoot better when you sparked me." (That's a confounded lie, Mister Editor!)

* * *

At 9:30 I went to the kitchen, wound the clock and yawned a couple of times. The simpletons didn't take the hint however; he kept his chair as if the whole affair did not concern him.

By 10 o'clock my blood was boiling like a sausage kettle. I went into the kitchen and said: "Mary, put the cat out. It is time to go to bed!" She paid no attention to me and simply kept glued to the sofa beside her thin herring.

Now I became completely infuriated and simply took her knight of the yardstick by the collar and threw him out the door. Right at the moment when I wanted to give him a kick at the part of his anatomy where the spine ceases to retain its honest name, I flew out through the door too. Sarah gave me a push that I struck my head against the dog kennel so as to see stars.

* * *

When I had partially recovered, I considered the situation, and reached the conclusion, that I wouldn't go into the house for the best $5 bill. I crawled into the barn, lay down on the straw, covered myself with a horse blanket and slept like an innocent child.

The next morning one of the girls came to the barn to milk. I asked her about the political situation in the house, and she told me that Mary had gone into a state of shock and was suffering nervous prostration. I sent her to the house to tell her mother, that is, Sarah, that she should boil catnip and fish oil together for six hours in soft soap and to put compresses of this on Mary's heart. That was the best remedy for love-sick geese.

I have not as yet had sufficient nerve to go into the shanty, and have written my today's epistle on a fodder box in the barn.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH



Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Neischtadt, 8. Jan. 1895

Mister Drucker!

Enklosd findscht Du $1.47, als Vorausbezahling uf die "Glock." 3 Kupper hab ich for de Poschtschtämp abgezoge. Ich hab im Sinn ghat die Zeiding des Johr ufzugewe, die Zeide sin schlecht un Du hoscht schun seit 2 Woche ken Reiber- oder Mordgeschicht meh drin gehat. Ah Dei Marktpreise sin nix werth: der Weeze un's Saufleesch sin zu billig un die Schofheit sodde anyhau $1 des Schtick bringe.

Wann Du mir ken Belzkapp for en Premium schickscht, geb ichs Blatt neckscht Johr uf.

Do ich awer heit grad am Schreiwe bin, will ich dei Attensching uf allerlei direkte, des mir die letschte zwee Woche for die Aage kumme isch. Alles, Mr. Drucker, isch Heichelei un Verschtelling in der Weld; im Heichele awer biete die Weibsleit die Mannsleit doch konsiderably. Was ma heit isch, will ma noch ehme Johr nimme sei. Viel Sache kumme im Lewe for, fun denne ma glabt ma kennt sie net duh, bis ma browiert.

* * *

Es geht ehm wie dem Eierischer, den sei Bosz gefrogt hot, ob er die Fiddel schpiele kennt: "Faith," sagt er, "I don't know, I have never tried!"

Do mei Freind unnerdraus beim Schindelschtettel, wo ich friher gewuhnt hab, aus meine Brief in der "Glock" zu der Meening kumme sin, dasz ma mich do howe als en Biersuckler ausgeternt het, hab ich mei Meind ufgemacht, sie iwer die Feschdag heemzusuche. Am Mundag Mittag hab ich fun der Neischtadt, uf der Kehrs of kors, abschtärte welle un hab deswege schun frih afange misse, mich sauwer zu mache.

Wann ma awer in der Hurry isch, geht for kammen alles hinnerschich. Erscht noch ehre halwe Schtund hab ich mei Reser in de Med ihre Schtub gefunne, wo sie ihn Owerts vorher for ihre Krohaage abzuschneide gejuhst hen. Do der Särah ihr lederne Sundags-Schtrumbbendel, die ich als for mei Rasirmesser abzuschträppe gebrauch, net in der Kischt worre, hab ich der Reser am Offerohr wetze misse. Die Result wor, dasz ich mir juscht 7 Mol in die Fratz geschnitte hab. Der ganz Schpiegel, es Handtuch un Dischtuch worre mit Blut versaut.

* * *

Ich bin en groszer Freind fun Reinlichkeit. Regular alle Johr emol, am Neijohrsdag, wesch ich mir die Fisz, enerleh, ob sie dreckig sin oder net. Ich duh des aus Prinzipel; ich kanns net helfe, es isch mir jetzt zu der zweede Natur worre. Ich hab der Brihdrog in die Kich g'holt, net weil mei Fisz so grosz sin, awer weil die Särah mir net die Backmuld for den Purpos hot gewe welle.

Die Kinner hab ich in de Schtall un die Särah ower nuff g'schickt. Grad hab ich mit meine Zehe im Wasser geschpielt, als es an der Diehr gekloppt hot. Do ich net grad in Resepschen-Toilett wor, bin ich ufgetschumpt un in die Päntry gesprunge. Härly war ich drin, als em Tscheck sei Frah rei kumme isch. Wie sie niemand gesehne hot, isch sie in der Kich rumgeloffe un zu sich selwert geschwetzt.

"Wer het's gedenkt," hot sie gesagt, "so en Sauerej un Dreck in der eirische Schanty! De Joe un die Särah misse sich widde geklobbt hawe. Ei der Schtaab uf der Holzbank isch meinersechs so dick, dasz me Ribsaame nei sehe kennt."

* * *

Iwer dem isch die Särah ower runne kumme; die zwee sin sich in die Arm gefalle un en Knall hot's geduh, als ob en Pischtohl losgange wer. Es wor awer ken Pischtohl, sie hen sich juscht geboszt, wie des bei de junge un alde Weibsleid Fäsching isch. Jetzt awer hot em Tscheck die verheichelt Ligemaul fun ehre Frah en annere Ton ageschlage.

"Gute Morge, Mrs. Klotzkopp," hot sie gesagt, "ich kann gar net begreife, wie Du es Haus schun so frih in Aeppelpeiorder hawe kannscht! Jo, do seht ma, was en dichtige Hausfrah isch; jo so ehne wie Du bischt, find ma anyway net alle Dag!"

Ich hab wie uf Nodle in der Päntry geschtanne un hab gemehnt, die zwee werre ihr Dags des Lewes net fertig babbler. Zuletscht awer sin sie in der Pärler, um de Chrischtbahm zu sehne un ich ower nuf, um mich reddy zu mache.

Des hot nau net lang genumme; nochdem ich mei Cärpetsack mit Eppel, Lebkuche, Bludworscht un meim Lieblingsfutter, Zwiwel, gefillt ghat hab, hab ich mich ans Schteschinghaus fahre losse.

* * *

Der Trehn wor en halb Schtund schpet un so hab ich plenty Opportschunity gehat, um Studies in human nature zu mache. In der Mitt fun der Weeding Ruhm hen zwee Meed fun zweifelhaftem Alder gschtanne. Iwer alle Leit wo nei kumme sin, hen sie ihre Kucks gemacht. Ufgetäckelt worre sie wie die Circusgeil. Wer sie net gekennt hot, het net geglabt, dasz sie daheem 6 Munat lang im Johr barfusz in de Kuhschtall gehne.

Jetzt isch die Dihr ufgange un de Pit Hundskehs reikumme. Härly hen sie ihn gesehne, so sin sie iwer ihn hergefohre wie en Ganz iwer en Appelkrutze.

"Hau tsche duh, Mr. Dogcheese, are you going to travel far away already?" hen sie alle zwee in ehme hohe Fischtelton gequickst.

"You bet tschur life," hot der Peter geänsert, "I am going all the way to Schmidtsville mit de Kehrs."

Kaum awer war der Mr. Hundskehs widde zu der Dihr draus, um zu gucke, dasz die Kehrs net uhne ihn fort gehe, hen die zwee Schneegens a'gefange ihn in Schticke zu pulle.

"Der denkt wunne, was er isch, mit seine abgesegte Hosse," hot die ehne gsagt.

* * *

Die anner war fun der sehm Opinion un hot gemehnt: "Den deht ich net heiere, wann er mit Gold geleint wer. Why sei Hend gucke grad aus wie en Bunsch Brodwerscht un sei ganze appearance macht die Impresching als ob er en Krahs zwische ehme Aff un ehre Schuhberscht wer."

Jetzt hot der Trehn gewisselt un noch finf Minute worre mir unnerwegs. Ich hab mich opposit ehre junge Wittfrah gehockt un mirs komod gemacht. Sie hot mich en poor Mol ageklotzt als ob ich en wild Schtick Vieh wer un dann widde weider in ehme Buch gelese. Ihre Fisz worre uf meim Sitz. Ihre Schuh misse sie arig gedrickt hen, for sie hot sie ufgekneppt gehat, wohrscheinlich worre sie 3 Nummern zu kleen.

Ich hab mich poleid kondukte welle un hab gesagt: "Exkuse Sie mich, kann ich vielleicht jusfull sei un eier Boots zukneppe. Ich hab schun oft der Särah, was mei Frah isch." "You Brute," hot sie gebrillt, "how dare you!"

Ich hab ihr dann en Lebkuche un en Zwiwel geoffert, sie awer hot mir en Blick zugeschmisse, den ich net so geschwind vergesse wer.

* * *

Ich hab mich jetzt im Karrich rumgeguckt un hab fascht die selwige Leit widde gsehe wie for ehme Johr. Die sem Frah mit de schlechte Zeh un dem verkrischene Baby wor an Bord un de sehm Mann mit de sehme Fuchshautkapp, hot sie widde in Palmerston abgeholt. Im Sitz hinne mir hot des sehm ald Poor fum letschte Johr gesotze un iwer Temperenz geargued, obgleich der Mann heit noch meh wie en sauer Bierfasz geschtunke hot wie vor 12 Munat. En nei Brautpoor wor ah on Board, das sich verdollt wenig aus de Surroundings gemacht hot; die zwee hen geäckt, als ob sie ganz alleenig im Karrich werre.

Ah des Brautpoor, das ich letscht Johr getroffe hab, war do, "But oh what a difference after a year," het ma singe kenne. Die Frah hot jetzt en Bobby gehat un die Nas iwer des nei verheiert Poor in die Heh gezoge, obglei sie un ihr Hubby es vor ehme Johr noch weit schlimmer getriwe hen. Sie hot de sehm Strawberry crushed Frack un Hut agehat wie letscht Johr uf ihre Wedding Tauer. Der Frack awer war dreckig un

Continued next column

hot nimme so gut gebaszt un der Vogel uf ihrem Hut hot juscht noch ehn Aag gehat un die Fligel henge losse.

Un erscht de Mann! Er hot des sehm lavendelfarwig Halsduch un die seme scheckige Kleeder agehat. Jo, Mr. Drucker, die Zeide ennere sich un mir uns mit de Zeide. Sie hot nix wie alsfort geschimpft un er mit seim dumme Schofsgesicht hot sich net getraut en Wort zu sage. Sie hen sich heit net während der ganze Trip die Hend gesqueeced wie for ehme Johr.

* * *

Jo, Mr. Drucker, dasz die Weibsleit all gleich sin, hot me do widde sehne kenne. Ich hab an mei eegnes Ehekreiz gedenkt, un mich wie en Schneekenig gefreit, dasz ich doch net der eenzig Mann bin, der fun seiner Frah geschuhriegelt werd.

Uf der linkse Seit hinne mir hot en Mutter mit ehme Schoszhund un ihrem sechsjährige Sprószling gehockt. Der Buh hot des Schtick Vieh in ehnem fort gepetzt, dasz des arm Luder mordsmäszig geheilt hot.

"Tschanny," hot die Mutter gesagt, "quähl des arm Hundle doch net so!"

"Awer Mutter!" hot der Bengel geantwort, "do gehscht Du mit ehm Vatter doch noch ganz annerscht um!" Tableau!

Jetzt isch der Breeksmann in de Karrich kumme und hot gebrillt: "Schmidtsville Junction, change cars for Blockschtettel, Schindelstettel, Guelph un Breslau!" Ich hab der Wittfrah noch schnell en Blutworscht zum Present gemacht, hab mei Cärpetsack am Griff genumme un bin naus.

Dei Freind,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

Neustadt, January 8, 1895

Mister Editor:

Enclosed you will find $1.47 in payment in advance for the Glocke. I am deducting three pennies for the postage stamp. I had in mind giving up the paper for this year; times are bad and for the last two weeks you haven't given us a cock and bull story anymore. Also your market prices are no good: wheat and pork are too cheap and sheepskins should fetch at least $1 each.

If you don't send me a fur cap as a premium, I am going to give up the paper next year.

* * *

But as I am writing today I want to direct your attention to all kinds of things which came to my attention during the last two weeks. Everything, Mr. Editor, is hypcrocrisy and pretense in this world; in hypocrisy the women beat the men by a considerable amount. What you are today, you don't want to be after a year. Many things occur in life which you think you can't do until you try them.

You are in the position of the Irishman whom his boss asked if he could play the violin: "Faith," he said, "I don't know, I have never tried!"

Since my friends down in Shingletown (Victoriasburg), where I formerly lived, came to the conclusion from my letters in the Glocke, that I had been transformed into a beer guzzler up here, I made up my mind to visit them over the holidays. On Monday noon I wanted to set out from Neustadt, with the train, of course, and had therefore to begin early with the cleaning up of myself.

* * *

But when you are in a hurry things normally go all topsy-turvy. Only after a half hour I found my razor in the girls' room, where they had used it the previous evening to pare their corns. Since Sarah's leather Sunday garter, which I use to strop my razor, was not in the chest, I had to whet my razor on the stovepipe. The result was that I cut my mug exactly seven times. The whole mirror, the hand towel and the tablecloth were messed up with blood.

I am a great friend of cleanliness. Regularly every year on New Year's Day I wash my feet regardless whether they are dirty or not. I do this as a matter of principle, it has become by now second nature to me. I fetched the big scalding trough into the kitchen, not because my feet are so big, but because Sarah refused to give me the bread kneading trough for the purpose.

* * *

I sent the children to the barn and Sarah upstairs. I was just laving my toes in the water when there was a knock at the door. Since I was hardly in reception attire I jumped up and ran into the pantry. I was hardly in it when Jake's wife walked in. When she didn't see anyone, she walked around the kitchen and talked to herself.

"Who would have thought it," she said, "such filthiness and dirt in this Irish shanty! Joe and Sarah must have had a set-to again. Indeed the dust on the wooden bench is in my estimation so thick that you could sow turnips in it!"

In the meantime Sarah came down from upstairs. The two embraced each other so impetuously that it cracked as if a pistol had been shot off. But it wasn't a pistol, the two just kissed each other, as is the custom among both young and old women. But now that hypocritical liar who is Jake's wife went on a different tack.

* * *

"Good morning, Mrs. Klotzkopp," she said, "I cannot comprehend how you can have your house in applie-pie order so early in the morning. Yes, here you can see the example of a hardworking housewife; yes one such as you are you don't find every day!"

I stood as on pins and needles in the pantry and thought that the two would not come to the end of their babbling during their lifetime. Finally, however, they went into the parlor to view the Christmas tree. I went upstairs to get dressed. That did not take very long.

After I had filled my carpetbag with apples, Christmas cookies, blood sausage, and my favorite food, onions, I had someone drive me to the station.

* * *

The train was a half hour late, consequently I had plenty of opportunity to do some studies of human nature. In the middle of the waiting room stood two women of doubtful age. They passed jocular remarks about everyone who came in. They were decked out like circus horses. Whoever did not know them would not have believed that at home they go barefoot to the cow stable for six months in the year.

Now the door opened and Pete Hundskehs came in. Hardly had they seen him when they pounced on him like a goose on an apple core.

"How do you do, Mr. Dogcheese, "are you going to travel far away already?" both of them squeaked in a high falsetto.

"You bet your life," Peter answered, "I am going all the way to Schmidtsville (Wellesley) with the train."

* * *

Hardly however had Mr. Hundskehs gone out of doors to see that the train did not leave without him when the two silly geese began to pull him to pieces.

"He imagines he is something important with his sawed-off pants," said the one.

The other was of the same mind and opined: "That fellow I wouldn't marry and if his pockets were lined with gold. Why his hands looked like a bunch of fried sausages, and his whole appearance leaves an impression as if he were a cross between a monkey and a shoe brush."

Now the train whistled and in five minutes we were underway. I sat down opposite a young widow and made myself comfortable. She stared at me a couple of times as if I were a wild animal and then read further in a book. Her feet were on my seat. Her shoes must have pinched her considerably for

Continued next column

she had them unbuttoned, perhaps they were three sizes too small.

I wanted to conduct myself politely and said: "Excuse me, could I be useful and button up your shoes. I have often done that for Sarah who is my wife."

"You brute," she shouted, "how dare you!"

I then offered her a Christmas cookie and an onion, but she gave me a look which I shall not forget so soon.

I now looked around the coach and saw almost the same people as I did a year ago. The same woman with the poor teeth and the bawling baby was on board, and the same man with the same foxskin cap again came to get her at Palmerston. In the seat behind me sat the same old couple of last year and argued about temperance, although the husband reeked even more today like a sour beer barrel than he did a year ago. A new bridal couple was also on board which paid mighty little attention to their surroundings. The two acted as if they were all alone in the coach.

* * *

The bridal couple I met a year ago was also there. "But oh what a difference after a year," you could have sung. The girl has already had a baby and looked with marked disfavor at the newly married couple, although she and her hubby had carried on in a much more shameless manner a year ago. She was dressed in the same crushed strawberry dress as last year on her wedding trip. But the dress was dirty and fitted less well, and the bird on her hat had only one eye left and its wings were drooping.

But she was no patch to her husband! He had on the same lavender-colored scarf and the same speckled suit. Yes, Mr. Editor, times change and we change with time. The wife ranted continuously and he with his stupid doltish face didn't have the courage to say one word. They didn't squeeze each other's hands during the trip as they did a year ago.

Yes, Mr. Editor, that the women are all alike became evident again. I reflected on my own domestic yoke, and rejoiced like an enchanted prince that I was not the only man in the world who was henpecked.

* * *

On the left side sat a mother with a lap dog and her six-year-old son. The lad pinched the animal incessantly, so that the poor wretch whined unmercifully.

"Johnny," the mother said, "don't torment the poor little dog so much!"

"But mother!" the rascal answered, "you torment father in far better style than this!" Tableau!

Now the brakeman came into the car and shouted: "Schmidtsville (Wellesley) Junction, change cars for Blockstettel (Conestoga), Shingletown (Victoriasburg), Guelph and Breslau!" I quickly gave the widow a blood sausage as a present, took my carpet bag by the handle and got off.

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP

Plaque to Mark

CHALK RIVER (CP) — Canada's newest historical site probably also is the country's youngest.

In fact, when officials from Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. and the Ontario Historical Society erect a plaque next Saturday to commemorate Canada's first nuclear reactor, the reactor still will be more than two months shy of its 21st birthday.

The Zero Energy Experimental Pile first achieved a nuclear chain reaction Sept. 5, 1945, and laid the groundwork for Canada's nuclear industry that stretches from the Ottawa River to Pinawa, Man., 60 miles east of Winnipeg.

Five and one-half tons of natural uranium packed inside several thin aluminum tubes immersed in a tank of heavy water produced only one watt when it went into operation. This is about the same power generated by a flashlight.

It was a far cry from the giant NRX and NRU experimental reactors that followed, but ZEEP still is in operation giving scientists valuable information on development of new uranium fuel systems.

Unveiling the plaque will take place during the annual meeting of the historical society at nearby Pembroke.

The meet opens with sessions at Pembroke Thursday and Friday and moves to the AECL site Saturday for a guided tour and the plaque ceremony.

Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, president of the National Research Council when NRC started work on nuclear power in 1942 and later first president of AECL, will be there along with Dr. W. B. Lewis, senior AECL scientific vice-president who later was responsible for work on the NRX and NRU reactors.

But many others who played key roles in Canada's post-war entry into the nuclear field are scattered around the world and unable to attend.

Natural uranium fuel rods are p

NEW USE FOR OLD DRUG

White Salve Cuts Burn

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (AP)— Two years ago a nine-year-old boy with third - degree burns over 45 per cent of his body was rushed from Britain to Brooke army Medical Centre's burn ward here.

He was "moribund," the hospital term for near death.

His burns, which had been suffered several days before, were grossly infected. He was in severe pain.

Doctors began applying to the boy's wounds a white creamy substance which looks and smells like the cold cream a woman puts on her face at night.

Within three days, the boy was bright-eyed, feeling better and even managing a smile.

"We got a Christmas card from him this year," Col. John A. Moncrief, head of the burn ward, said recently. "He's growing and feeling well."

Moncrief said the boy was one of the first patients to benefit from the white salve. In two years since, Brooke Hospital reports it has been able to reduce its burn mortality rate by almost half by using the cream.

It's called sulfamylon crene, a new application of an older drug called manfanid which the Germans used in the Second World War and in medical experiments on humans.

Development of the cream was possible only after recent discoveries on the nature of burns, which Moncrief said had been a largely neglected area of research.

A large burn throws the whole body into a severe strain, and death can come quickly by shock, or gradually through kidney or liver failure, infection, adrenal failure or pneumonia.

Chances for surviving a burn over 50 per cent of the body have improved little in the last 10 years.

Infection is the greatest danger in burns, but ordinary means of treating infection do not work because circulation to the burned area is destroyed.

Without use of the cream, Moncrief said, burns often have bacteria counts of 10,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 per gram of tissue. The cream can cut the count to about 10,000 per gram.

The cream has proved most effective in saving patients with third-degree burns on 31 to 50 per cent of their bodies.

Mortality rates for patients with burns covering 41 to 50 per cent of their bodies improved from 62 per cent to 19 per cent since the ward started using the cream.

Burns of from 51 to 60 per

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Die Ontario Glocke.

Neischtadt, 6. Februar 1895

Mister Drucker!

So en Winter wie der jetzig, hab ich sidde 25 Johr net erlebt. Der Schnee isch so dief, dasz ma net emol in de Busch kann, Holz zu mache. Des awer wär noch net es schlimmscht; wann juscht die Schtrosze uf wäre, dasz ma noch de Neischtadt kennt, un dort die Zeit dodzuschlage.

Do des awer unmeglich isch, so bleibt ehm nix annerscht iwrig, als daheem hinne em Offe zu hocke un de Särah ihre Klage fun morgens frih bis owerts schpet mit anzuhere.

* * *

Geschtern Owert hab ich die Ladern ageschteckt, um noch emol die Säu zu dränke, die Diehr am Schofschtall zuzumache un frisches Segmehl uf die Kohle im Schmokhaus zu schmeise. Wie ich aus em Haus bin, hot die Särah Kärpetlumbe zusamme geneht un en Sundagsschullied dazu gebrummt. Das isch mir arig verdechtig forkumme un ich hab gefiehlt, dasz ergens wo en Schraub los sei musz.

Wie ich en halb Stund schpeter widde zurück kumme bin, hot die Särah wie dod uf der Launge gelege un alle Vier fun sich geschtreckt. Wie sie mei mennlicher Schritt gehert hot, hot sie en Aag en klee wenig ufgemacht un geflischtert: "Joe, ich hab inschpeckt dod zu sei, ehe Du widde aus em Schtall zurick kumme bischt! Hock Dich do newe mich hin un nehm mei Hand, ich bin am Schterwe un hab noch en Word mit Dir zu schwetze!"

Ich hab mich awer net so leicht ketsche losse, Mister Drucker, ich kenn die Faxe un hab gedenkt, es misse widde en Dehl Schtorrechninge reikumme sei, oder die Särah will widde en neie Frack. Ich hab en Klotz in de Offe geschmisse, die "Glocke" genumme un mich in de Schockelstuhl newe's Feier gesetzt.

* * *

"Liewer Joe!" hot do die Särah widde agfange zu wischpere, "wie Du draus im Schtall worscht, isch mir mei Drahm fun letscht Nacht widde eigefalle. Ich hab gedrahmt, ich het en weisze Frack ah un wer en Chrischtkindel. Wie ich heit Morge ufgewacht bin, hot de Hund so traurig geheilt un ah de ald Plymouth Rock Hahne so zitterich gekreht, dasz ich gefiehlt hab, dasz ich bald Abschied fun dem Jammerdahl nemme musz. Du weescht, em Eisick sei Frah hot grad so en Drahm gehat, un 14 Dag nochher wor sie dod."

Weiter isch die Särah jetzt net kumme, sie hot geheilt wie en Kind un sich mit ihrem Schorz die Nas gebutzt. Wie sie en kleene Rest genumme gehat hot, hot sie widde agfange:

"Joe, hot's Hammle schee gsoffe, wie Du draus worscht? Ach, ich weesz, Leit die am Schterwe sin, sodde sich net um Kelwer un so irdische Dinge bekimmere, awer Du weescht, ich hab immer en weeches Herz gehat."

Wie sie fun ihrem weeche Herz agefange hot, hab ich en poor Mol gekreckst un mir dann die Pfeif agschteckt. Es hot awer net lang gedauert bis die Särah widde bei Odem war un in ehnere hehere Tonart weiter gepredigt hot:

* * *

"Ich het gegliche noch zu lewe, um zu sehne wie mei Rubarb-Preserves austorner duht un um noch a poor Hefer voll Eppel-Schmieres zu koche — wann awer der Ruf kummt for Abschied zu nemme, musz ma folge. Ich weesz, es werd zu schpet for Dei zwette Frah noch Schmieres zu koche. Jo, ich weesz, Du heierscht widde un's erscht Ding, dasz Dei neie Frah duht, isch, dasz sie mei Leiknesz fun der Wand nemmt, neie Vorheng aschafft un die Kaffeekann un der Weschpeiler flicke loszt. O, es isch zu schlimm, wann ma so jung fort musz!"

Ich hab grad der Brief in der "Glocke" gelese ghat, wo en Mann, der 17 Johr an Rheumatismus un schteife Knoche gesuffert hot, durch en halwe Bottel voll St. Jakobs-Oel geheilt worre isch, als die Särah widde agefange hot:

"Ich deht gleiche die Leich in der Kerich abgehalte zu hawe; awer Joe, Du kannscht grad duh, wie Du denkscht, dasz es am beschte isch. Ich hab Dir nie viel Druwel im Lewe gemacht un will ah ken Badder im Dod zu Dir sei. Wann ihr die Schtiehl zusamme schiebt, kenne 17 Persone in die Sitting Ruhm; die annere misse in die Kich un vor der Diehr schteh bleiwe. Ich bin net arig partikular was ihr macht, awer sell Lied uf Seite 43 deht ich gleiche gesunge zu hawe. Du kannscht ah mitsinge, wann Du willscht. Wie em Eisick sei Frah begrawe worre isch, hot er net mitgesunge. Er hot sich's Schnubduch for die Aage gehalte un die ganz Zeit gebrillt un alle Weibsleit hen de Eick gelobt, dasz er net mitgsunge hot."

* * *

Ich hab gedenkt, die Lamatation het jetzt en End un hab die Zeiding rumgedreht um die Marktpreise zu lese, als die Särah widde en frische Schtert genumme hot.

"Joe!" hot sie gsagt, "in Deine Sundagsschtrimp isch en Loch un an Deiner Wescht sin zwee Knepp ab, ich hab sie morge drahnehe welle. Des macht awer nix aus, die Leit werre all heile un wann Du de Rock zuknebscht, sehnt niemand die Knebb die net dort sind. Jo, Joe, ich schpiers, dasz die Nochbore mich misse werre. Niemand sei Quildin-Stange, Reibeise, Fettpresz un Preserveskessel werd mehre gelehnt wie meine. Do fallt mir grad ei, em Philip sei Frah hat vorgeschtern en Sechsbenzhaffe voll Schmierseef gholt. Du brauchscht ihr nix an der Leich zu sage, awer losz es net lenger wie zwee Woche geh, sie isch arig vergeszlich. Wann sie die Schmierseef zurickbringt, seh dasz sie gut Mosz gebt."

* * *

Bei dere Zeit wor ich mit der Zeiding fertig un hab Dei Preisbuch "Der Hausmannsdokter" in die Hand genumme, um zu lese. Ich hab en poor Mol noch der Särah niwe geschielt un hab gemehnt, sie deht schlofe. Ich wor awer mistaken. Uf ehmol hot sie widde zu heile ahgefange, dasz es die Band gebotte hot. Nochdem sie sichs Maul un die Nas mit ihrem Jacketärmel abgewischt gehat hot, hot sie gesagt:

"Joe, ich will hawe, dasz Du den Wollblumekrans in der Schpärbedruhm em Tscheck seiner Frah gebscht, ich habs ihr versproche wie ich's letscht Mol krank wor. Die annere Sache gehne zu de Med. Ich will net hawe, dasz Dei zwette Frah en Schtick fun meine Kleeder griegt. Dei schwarz Halsduch henkt am Nagel hinne de Dihr in der Schlofschtub, sell muscht Du wehre wann ich vergrawe werr. Wann Du am Morge, an dem die Leich abgehalte werd, Dei Sundagskleeder ahziegscht, so nehm vorher en nasses Handtuch un reib Dir de Hals un die Ohre en bissel ab, for die Leit werre Dich an dem Dag arig inschpeckte. Nau, Joe, willscht net good bye zu mir sage?"

* * *

Bei dere Zeit awer wor ich hundsmeszig schlefrig un hab geduh als ob ich die Särah gor net heere deht. Ich hab die Uhr ufgezoge un bin dann ins Bett. Die Särah awer hot noch en halb Schtund gebrillt un ihre Nas geblose juscht um mich zu ärgere. Ich hab gemacht als ob ich schnarche deht. Wie sie des geheert hot, isch sie ufgeschtanne, hot die Katz naus, de Offe zugemacht un isch mit de Lamb in die Schlofschtub kumme. Sie hot mir's Koppekisse unerem Kopp rausgezoge un gekrische:

"Du elendiger Dropp! Gelt Du hoscht gedenkt, ich wer so dumm un deht mich hinlege un schterwe, so dasz Du die reich Wittfrah drunne an der Blindline heiere kenscht?! Juscht zum Schpeit schterb ich nau net! Nee, ich hoff ich leb noch 40 Johr, juscht um Dich zu ärgere un zu bloge. Geh niwe uf Dei egene Seit oder ich nehm Dich beim Wickel un schmeisz Dich mit sammt em Bett zum Fenschter naus!"

Mister Drucker, ich bin gemuft un wer for Forcht un Schrecke die ganz Nacht ken Aag zugemacht hot, wor

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

Neustadt, February 6, 1895

Mister Editor!

A winter such as the present one I have not experienced for 25 years. The snow is so deep that you can't even go to the bush to cut wood. That is not the worst, however. If only the roads were open so you could go to Neustadt in order to kill the time there.

Since that is not possible, I have nothing else to do but to sit at home behind the stove and listen to Sarah's complaints from early in the morning till late at night.

Last night I lit the lantern to bring the pigs a drink of water, to close the sheep stable door, and to throw some fresh sawdust on the embers in the smokehouse. As I was leaving the house, Sarah was sewing carpet rags together and humming a Sunday school hymn. I was very suspicious about that and felt that a screw was loose somewhere.

* * *

When I came back a half hour later, Sarah was lying full length on the lounge as if she were dead. When she heard my masculine step, she opened one eye a little bit and whispered: "Jo, I expected to be dead before you came back from the barn! Squat down beside me and take my hand, I am dying and I still have a few things to talk over with you!"

I didn't allow myself to be caught so easily, Mister Editor, I know that humbug and thought that a spate of store bills must have come, or that Sarah wanted a new dress again. I threw a block of wood in the stove, took the Glocke and sat in the rocking chair beside the fire.

"Dear Joe!" Sarah began to whisper again, "when you were out in the barn I recalled my dream of last night. I dreamed I had on a white dress and was a little Christ child. When I awoke this morning, our dog howled so mournfully and the old Plymouth Rock roosters crowed in such a trembling fashion, that I felt that the time was almost here for me to depart from this vale of tears. You remember that Isaac's wife had a similar dream and two weeks later she was dead."

* * *

Sarah could not continue, she wept like a child and blew her nose in her apron. After she had taken a little break, she started up again:

"Joe, did the little calf drink nicely when you were out? Oh, I know, people who are dying should not concern themselves with calves and such earthly trifles, but you know I always had a tender heart."

When she began about her tender heart, I grunted a couple of times and then lit my pipe. In a short time Sarah had recovered her breath and preached on in a somewhat higher key:

"I should have been happy to live a little while longer to see how my rhubarb preserves would turn out, and to boil a few more crocks of apple butter, but when the call to depart comes, you must obey. I know it will be too late for your second wife to cook apple butter. Yes, I know that you will get married again, and the first thing your new wife will do is to take my picture off the wall, buy new drapes and have the coffee pot and the wash boiler repaired. Oh it is terrible when you have to die so young!"

* * *

I had just finished reading the letter in the Glocke about the man who had suffered for 17 years from rheumatism and stiffness in his bones, and who had been cured by a half bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, when Sarah began again:

"I should like to have the funeral service held in church, but Joe, you may do what you think most appropriate. I have never caused you much trouble in life, and I do not wish to be any bother to you in death. If you push the chairs together, 17 people can get in the sitting room, the others have to stand in the kitchen and outside the door. I am not very particular what you do, but I should like to have that hymn on page 43 sung. You can sing along if you wish. When Isaac's wife died, he did not sing along. He held his handkerchief in front of his eyes and cried the whole time and all the women praised Ike because he didn't sing along with the others."

* * *

I thought that her lamentations were now at an end, and turned the paper in order to read the market prices, when Sarah embarked on a fresh start.

"Joe!" she said, "in your Sunday stockings there is a hole and two buttons are missing on your vest; I wanted to sew them on tomorrow. But don't mind that, the people will all be crying and if you button up your coat, no one will notice the missing buttons. Yes, Joe, I can feel that the neighbors will miss me. No one's quilting frames, vegetable grater, grease press, and preserving kettle are borrowed more often than mine. It occurs to me right now that Philip's wife got a sixpence pot of soft soap day before yesterday. You don't have to tell her the day of the funeral, but I wouldn't leave it longer than two weeks — she is dreadfully forgetful. When she returns the soft soap, see to it that she gives you good measure."

* * *

By that time I was finished with the paper and had taken up your premium book Der Hausmannsdokter in order to read a bit. I squinted in Sarah's direction a couple of times and thought she was sleeping. But I was mistaken. Suddenly she began to weep again to beat the band. After she had wiped her mouth and nose with the sleeve of her jacket, she said:

"Joe, I want you to give Jake's wife the woollen flower wreath in the spare bedroom. I promised it to her when I was sick the last time. Give the girls the other things. I don't want your second wife to have even a single piece of my clothing. Your black scarf is hanging on a nail behind the door in the bedroom. You must wear that when they bury me. When you are putting on your Sunday suit, the morning of the funeral, take a wet handtowel and rub your neck and ears a bit, for the people will inspect you particularly closely on that day. Well, Joe, don't you want to say goodbye to me?"

* * *

By that time I was as tired as a dog and acted as if I did not hear Sarah at all. I wound the clock and then went to bed. Sarah kept on weeping for another half hour, and blowing her nose, just to annoy me. I pretended I was snoring. When she heard that, she got up, put the cat out, closed the stove, and then came into the bedroom with the lamp. She yanked the pillow from under my head and shouted:

"You miserable wretch! You thought I would be so stupid as to lay down and die so that you could marry the rich widow down in the Blind Line! Just for spite I won't die now! No, I hope I'll live another 40 years, just to annoy and plague you. Get over on your own side, or I'll take you by your pigtail and throw you out of the window, bed and all!"

Mister Editor, I certainly moved, and who didn't close an eye the whole night out of fear and fright, was

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

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Die Ontario Glocke.

Mr. Joe Klotzkopp über die deutsche Sprache

Neischtadt, 1. Feb. 1896

Es Deitsche isch en scheene Schproch,
Drum soll sie lewe sechs Mol hoch!
Un ah des arm Schulmeisterlein,
Ob's steht uf ehm, oder gor zwee Bein.
Der "Leser" ach, isch en g'scheider Mann,
Der gern nei geht for en Bissel Fan,
Drum sag ich noch zum Schlusz recht fein:
"Fescht schteht und drei die Wacht am Rhein!"

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq., Poet un Fenzriegelschplitter.

Mister Drucker:

Sic semper tyrannus! Das isch ladeinisch un mehnt uf englisch: "I am sick, send for McManus!" So hot emol der Tschulius Caesar, Kaiser fun Rom un en poor annere Schtettel in der Nochborschoft, zu seiner Frah Kleopatra gesagt, wie er Bauchweh ghat hot.

Selwigmohls (es isch schun en ganze Zeit her) hot en selebrated eirischer Kräage-Doktor namens McManus im Settlement gewuhnt, un zu dem hot die Misses Caesar der Knecht geschickt um ihrem Husbänd zu Oder zu losse. Ich will awer heit ken Lektschur iwer Ancient History halte, sondern hab juscht de Ausdruck: "I'm sick, send for McManus," juhse welle.

* * *

Des heeszt, ich bin net sick, awer ich wett my Winterschtrimp (un ich hab juscht ehn Poor), dasz die zwee Kerls, wo sich schun en Zeitlang in Deim Päper iwer die deitsch Schproch in der Hoor liege, so sick sei werre, befor ich mit ihne fertig bin, dasz ah sie zum McManus schicke dehte, providing er noch am Lewe wär.

Ich geh nei for en reine deitsche Schproch zu juse. Unser scheene Mutterlängwisch isch so reich an lieblicher Expreschuns un Schimpfwerter, dasz ma kene fun enere foreign Näschun zu pumpe brauche. Nix macht mich so mäd, als wann die Kinner daheem englisch babbler. Bei meine Junge kann ma das awer noch exkuse, weil die Särah eierisch isch un ah net englisch kann.

Mei Experienz isch, dasz die deitsch Schproch fiel dofu depende duht, mit was for Fellers un Görls unsere Med un Buwe rumfuhle duhne. Wie mei Chrischtine mit en Tscheck seim griene deitsche Knecht gange isch, der ken Wort englisch hot welsche kenne, hot sie jede Woch die "Glocke" un Sundagowerts die Sundagschul-Harfe gelese. Es isch awer nix aus der Mädsch worre.

* * *

Sie hot for drei Johr en wassersichtiges, grienschpanfratziges Mondkalb gheiert, das immer iwer die deitsch Schproch geschpott hot. Der Kerl isch kerzlich durchgebrennt un jetzt hab ich die Krischtine un ihre zwee Poor Zwilling zu supporter. Sott mer do net die Krenk kriege, Mr. Drucker! Isch es do noch en Wunner, wann ma for die deitsche Schproch ufschticke duht?

Mei Buwe, was juscht noch Rotznase sin, hen ah en Häng for englische Med. Die awer hab ich noch unner de Fuchtel un wer ihne in Kuhzunft (in de Futscher mehn ich) die Kepp so lang eisefe, bis sie en korrektes Deitsch uhne Mistäkes schwetze kenne un wann sie 20 eirerische Görls schperke sotte.

Die Pärents misse die englische Mistäkes korrekter so schnell wie die Kinner sie mache, un des hees ich Unnerricht, wie der Tietscher, Mr. Leyes, des so schee in Deim Päper expleend hot.

Do im Herbscht wor mei Tchanni in Walkerton in der wilde Viehschow un wie er heem kumme isch, hot er g'sagt: "Däd, ich hab en Hippopotamus in der Circus gsehne."

* * *

"Du Aff!" hab ich gsagt, "Hippopotamus isch hebräisch, Rewergaul heeszt ma sell Schtick Vieh im Deitsche!"

Sehe Sie, Mister Editor, uf die Ort mache die Kinner Progresz im reine Deitsch. Awer ah noch mehre musz ma duh! Ich schreib jetzt jeder Owert en Lischt fun englische Werter aus, die die Kinner in deitsch bei hard lerne misse, for Exampel: Mouth Organ, Maulmusik; Bass Violin, Bull-Fiddel; Rattle snake, Rasselschneck; Pumpkin, Kerbs; Crowbar, Handschpeik; Syrup, Malassig; Case, Limburger; Corns, Kräage. Whiskey, Rachebutze; Cabbage, Sauerkraut; Feller, Medschmecker; Comb, Schtrehl; usw. Uf die Ord lerne die Kinner en simples un reines Hochdeitsch, mit dem ma sich net zu scheie braucht, wann sie emol unner gebildete Leit kumme.

Im Konjugire fun de Verbs biet mei Sämmy jetzt schun enig ebbes. Des Zeidwort "haben" duht er so kontschugäte: "Ich habe, du hast, er hat, da hammersch, da hat er's, da han ses!"

Jetzt will ich emohl der Flohr weipe mit dem "Leser." Wer isch seller Kerl änyhow un wo hot er geschtuddied? Sei Deitsch hot er iweraus net in Kanada gelernt, schunscht deht er plener schreiwe. Ma weesz jo die Helft Zeid net wo er hiedreiwe duht!

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Do lob ich mir doch des Dorfschulmeisterlein. Des weesz was es will un expresz sich so, dasz es der Leit ah in de Hernkaschte geht. Der "Leser" browiert em Tietscher sei Deitsch zu kritisire un frogt: "Und was für 'ne Sorte Deutsch ist denn das, usw."

Die very sem Questchen mecht ich ah an der "Leser" schtelle un froge: "Was for deitsche Werter sin denn das: apologizen, Backwoods, Pitchholes, mistäken, Biszle, zusammenrapple, eventuell, Passus, usw. (Des isch nur en klene Kollekschun fun seine Krumbiereblume). Was mehnt er dann egentlich mit "eine Lanze brechen?" Wann er fun Ackschthändels un Hackeschtiehl schwetze deht, kennt ma ihn doch änyhow verschteh.

Ich denk, sell sott ihn fetsche; Was mehnscht Du, Mister Editor?

Jetzt will ich awer zum Schlusz noch zu dene zwee Fechthahne talke, wie ma zu gebildtete Leit schwetze sott un ihne sage, wo sie alle beed in Deitsche läcke duhn.

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1. Sie mache zu viel Mistakes im Kasus fun Substantiven, Präpositionen mit Substantiven, Substantiva mit einem Attribut, Composita, die adverbial gebraucht werden, sowie die aus Substantiven entstanden Präpositionen des Genitivs.

2. Die Superlative von Eigenschafts- und Umstandswörtern nach den Verhältniszwörtern *an* und *auf*.

3. In der Hebung und Senkung der Stimme in zusammengesetzten Sätzen, usw. ad libitum.

Ich nem ah, Mr. Editor, Du verschtehscht mich. Was meenscht? Wann des net konvinzing isch, soll mich en Krot petze. Ich denk awer es isch nau wieder genug Heu hunne for en Zeidlang un domit verbleib ich

Dei Freind.
JOE KLOTZKOPP

Mr. Joe Klotzkopp on the German Language

Neustadt, February 1, 1896

German is a beauteous tongue,
For it let hurrahs six be sung.
Who teaches it shall have his due,
Stands he on one leg, or on two.
The "reader" is a wise old head,
Whose shafts of wit we need not dread.
In closing may I pen this line,
"Firm stands and true the watch on the Rhine."

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq., Poet and Fencerail-splitter.

Mister Editor:

Sic semper tyrannus! This is Latin and means in English: "I am sick, send for McManus!" That is what Julius Caesar, emperor of Rome and of a few other villages in the neighborhood, said to his wife Cleopatra when he had a stomach ache.

At that time (it is already long ago) a celebrated Irish corn and bunion specialist by the name of McManus lived in the settlement, and to him Mrs. Caesar sent her hired man, in order that the doctor should bleed her husband. But I don't want to give you a lecture on ancient history today, I simply wanted to use the expression: "I'm sick, send for McManus."

That is, I am not sick, but I am prepared to bet my winter socks (and I have just one pair) that the two chaps who have been for some time wrangling in your paper about the German language will be so sick when I am finished with them that they too would send for McManus, if he were still alive.

* * *

I insist on the use of a pure German. Our beautiful mother tongue is so rich in lovely expressions and cursewords, that one does not have to scrounge any from any foreign nation. Nothing makes me so angry as when the children babble English at home. As far as my youngsters are concerned, an excuse can be made, because Sarah is Irish and consequently cannot speak English.

My experience is that the use of German depends a great deal on the company that our boys and girls fool around with. When my Christine kept company with Jake's "green" hired man, who couldn't spout a word of English, she read the Glocke every week, and on Sunday evening the Sunday School Harp. But nothing came of the match.

Three years ago she married a dropsical, green-faced dolt, who always jeered at the German language. The fellow absconded a short while ago, and now I have to support Christine and her two pairs of twins. Isn't that enough to turn your stomach, Mr. Editor! Is it any wonder that I rush to the defence of the German language?

* * *

My boys, who are not yet dry behind the ears, have a yen for English girls. But I am keeping a tight rein on them, and I shall in the future keep their noses to the grindstone, until they can speak a correct German without mistakes, even if they should "spark" 20 Irish girls.

The parents must correct the English mistakes as quickly as the children make them. That I call instructing, as the teacher, Mr. Leyes, explained it so beautifully in your paper.

Last fall my Johnny was in Walkerton at the wild animal show, and when he came home, he said: "Dad, I saw a hippopotamus in the circus."

"You ape!" I said, "Hippopotamus is Hebrew, river horse (Rewergaul) is the name of that beast in German!"

* * *

Do you see, Mister Editor, in this way the children make progress in a pure German. But I have to do even more. I now write out a list of English words every evening, which the children have to learn by heart in German, for example: mouth organ, Maulmusik (mouth music); bass violin, Bull-fiddel (bull-fiddle); rattlesnake, Rasselschneck; pumpkin, Kerbs; crowbar, Handschpeik (hand-spike); syrup, Malassig (molasses), case (cheese), limburger; corn, Kräage (crow's eye); whisky, Rachebutze (bad wine or mouth disinfectant)); cabbage, sauerkraut; feller (fellow), Meedschmecker (girl chaser); comb, Schtrehl (Strähl); etc. In this way the children learn a simple and pure High German, of which they don't need to be ashamed when they get into educated company.

In the conjugation of the verbs my Sammy is already very adept. The verb haben (to have) he conjugates as follows: "I have, you have, he has, there we have it, there he's got it, there they have it!"

* * *

Now I want to wipe the floor with the "Reader." Who is that fellow anyhow, and where did he study? He certainly did not learn his German in Canada, otherwise he would write more clearly. Half the time one can't tell where he is heading!

Give me the little village schoolmaster every time. He knows what he wants, and he expresses it in such a way that it penetrates into one's skull. The "Reader" tries to criticize the teacher's German and asks: "And what kind of German is that, etc."

I should like to put the same question to the "Reader" and ask: "What kind of German words are apologizen, Backwoods, Pitchholes, mistäken, Biszle, zusammenrapple, eventuell, Passus, etc.? (This is only a small collection of his potato blooms). What does he really mean by "eine Lanze brechen?" (to break a lance). If he spoke about Ackschthändels (axe-handles) and Hackeschtiehl (hoe-handles) one would at least understand him.

I think this will put him in his place! What do you think, Mister Editor?

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In conclusion I want to address myself to those two fighting cocks, and indicate how one should talk to educated people and let them both know their deficiencies in German.

1. They make too many mistakes in the cases of substantives, prepositions with substantives, substantives with adjectives, compound words which are used adverbially, as well as prepositions governing the genitive formed from substantives.

2. The superlative of adjectives and adverbs after the prepositions *an* and *auf*.

3. In the rising and falling of the voice in compound sentences, etc., ad libitum.

I assume, Mr. Editor, that you know what I mean. What do you say? If this is not convincing, I'll eat my shirt. But I believe I have gotten down enough hay again for a few weeks and therefore remain

Your friend.
JOE KLOTZKOPP